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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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OUR SERIALS.

We commenced in No. 134 a new serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel. This exquisite Story is printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. Dickens's new serial, "A Tale of Two Cities," was commenced in Harper's Weekly on May 7, and Mr. Curtis's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "Trumps," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

THE MASSACRE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS, UTAH TERRITORY.

[From a Correspondent.]

The story of so horrible a human butchery as that which occurred at the Mountain Meadows, Utah Territory, in the autumn of 1857, has by this time, no doubt, reached the States; but as no account which I have yet seen can in the slightest degree approximate to a description of the hideous truth, being myself now on the ground, and having an opportunity of communicating with some who were no doubt present on the occasion, I deem it proper to send you a plain and unvarnished statement of the affair as it actually occurred.

A train of Arkansas emigrants, with some few Missourians, said to number forty men, with their families, were on their way to California, through the Territory of Utah, and had reached a series of grassy valleys, by the Mormons called the Mountain Meadows, where they remained several days recruiting their animals. On the night of September 9, not suspecting any danger, as usual they quietly retired to rest, little dreaming of the dreadful fate awaiting and soon to overtake them. On the morning of the 10th, as, with their wives and families, they stood around their camp-fires passing the congratulations of the morning, they were suddenly fired upon from an ambush, and at the first discharge fifteen of the best men are said to have fallen dead or mortally wounded. To seek the shelter of their *corral* was but the work of a moment, but there they found but limited protection.

To enable you to appreciate fully the danger of their position I must give a brief description of the ground. The encampment, which consisted of a number of tents and a *corral* of forty wagons and ambulances, lay on the west bank of, and eight or ten yards distant from, a large spring in a deep ravine running southward; another ravine, also, branching from this, and facing the camp on the southwest; overlooking them on the northwest, and within rifle-shot, rises a large mound commanding the *corral*, upon which parapets of stone, with loopholes, have been built. Yet another ravine, larger and deeper, faces them on the east, which could be entered without exposure from the south and far end. Having crept into these shelters during the darkness of the night, the cowardly assailants fired upon their unsuspecting victims, thus making a beginning to the most brutal butchery ever perpetrated on this continent.

Surrounded by superior numbers, and by an unseen foe, we are told the little party stood a siege within the *corral* of five or seven days, sinking their wagon-wheels in the ground, and during the darkness of night digging trenches, within which to shelter their wives and children. A large spring of cool water bubbled up from the sand a few yards from them, but deep down in the ravine, and so well protected that certain death marked the trail of all who had dared approach it. The wounded were dying of thirst; the burning brow and parched lip marked the delirium of fever; they tossed from side to side with anguish; the sweet sound of the water, as it murmured along its pebbly bed, served but to heighten their keenest suffering. But what all this to the pang of leaving to a cruel fate their helpless children? Some of the little ones, who though too young to remember in after years, tell us that they stood by their parents, and pulled the arrows from their bleeding wounds.

Long had the brave band held together; but the cries of the wounded sufferers must prevail. For the first time, they are (by four Mormons) offered their lives if they will lay down their arms, and gladly they avail themselves of the proffered mercy. Within a few hundred yards of the *corral* faith is broken. Disarmed and helpless, they are fallen upon and massacred in cold blood. The savages, who had been driven to the hills, are again called down to what was denominated the "job," which more than savage brutality had begun.

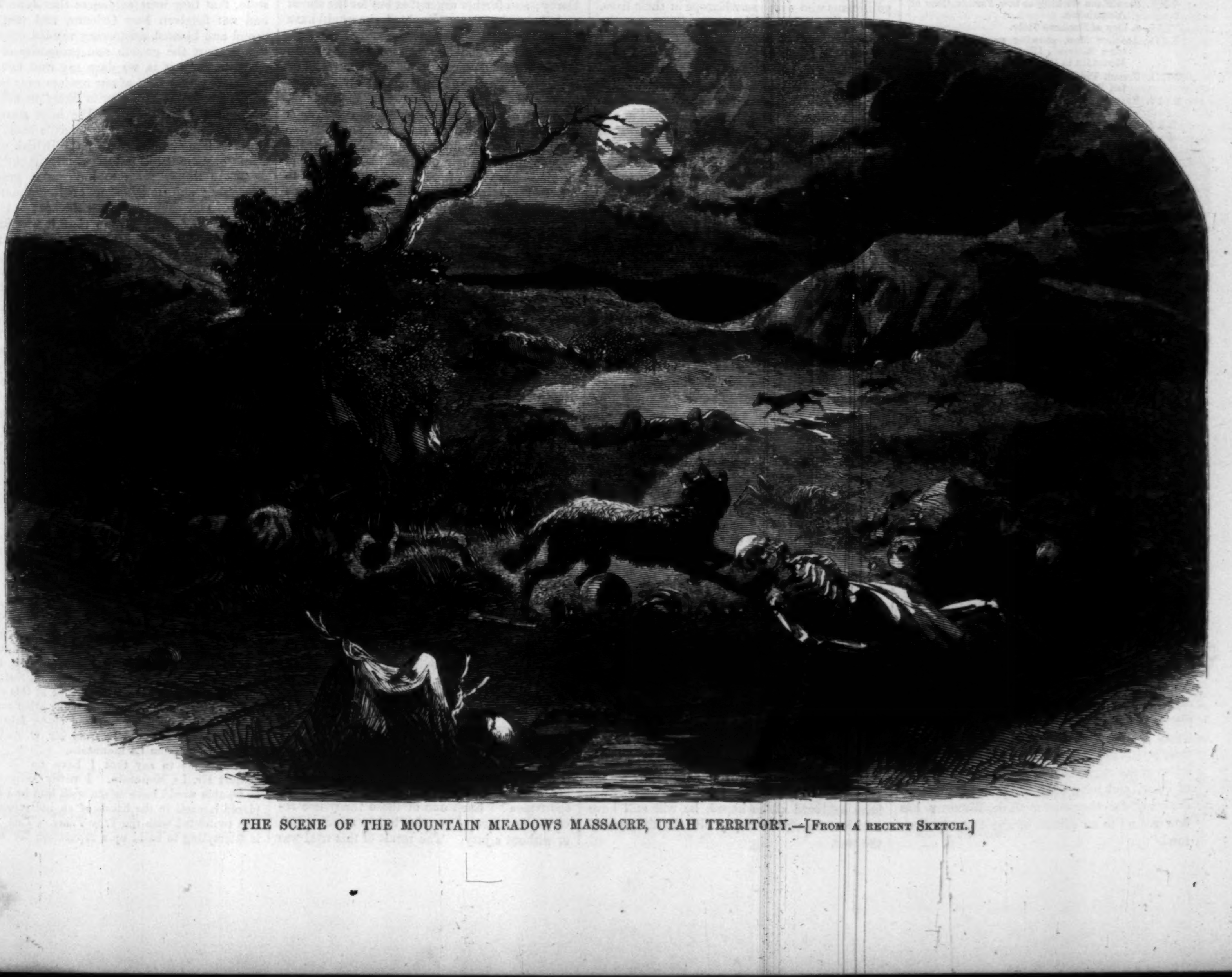
Women and children are now all that remain. Upon these, some of whom had been violated by the Mormon leaders, the savage expends his hoarded vengéance. By a Mormon who has now escaped the threats of the Church we are told that the helpless children clung around the knees of the savages, offering themselves as slaves; but with fiendish laughter at their cruel tortures, knives were thrust into their bodies, the scalp torn from their heads, and their throats cut from ear to ear.

I am writing no tale of fiction; I wish not to gratify the fancy, but to tell a tale of truth to the reason and to the heart. I speak truths which hereafter legal evidence will fully corroborate. I met this train on the Platte River on my way to Fort Laramie in the spring of 1857, the best and richest one I had ever seen upon the plains. Fortune then beamed upon them with her sweetest smile. With a fine outfit and every comfort around them, they spoke to me exultingly of their prospects in the land of their golden dreams. To-day, as then, I ride by them, but no word of friendly greeting falls upon my ear, no face meets me with a smile of recognition; the empty sockets from their ghastly skulls tell me a tale of horror and of blood. On every side around me for the space of a mile lie the remains of carcasses dismembered by wild beasts; bones, left for nearly two years unburied, bleached in the elements of the mountain wilds, gnawed by the hungry wolf, broken and hardly to be recognized. Garments of babes and little ones, faded and torn, fluttering from each ragged bush, from which the warble of the songster of the desert sounds as mockery. Human hair, once falling in glossy ringlets around childhood's brow or virtue's form, now strewing the plain in masses, matted, and mingling with the musty mould. To-day, in one grave, I have buried the bones and skulls of twelve women and children, pierced with the fatal ball or shattered with the axe. In another the shattered relics of eighteen men, and yet many more await their gloomy resting-place.

Afar from the homes of their childhood, buried in the heart of almost trackless deserts, shut up within never-ending mountain barriers, cut off from all communication with their fellow-men, surrounded by overpowering numbers, harmless citizens of our land of justice and freedom, with their wives and families, as dear to them as our own to us, were coolly, deliberately, and designedly butchered by those professing to be their own countrymen.

I pause to ask one calm, quiet question. Are these facts known in the land where I was born and bred?

I have conversed with the Indians engaged in this massacre. They say that they but obeyed the command of Brigham Young, sent by letter, as soldiers obey the command of their chief; that the Mormons were not only the instigators but the most active participants in the crime; that Mormons led the attack, took possession of the spoil; that much of that spoil still remains with them;



THE SCENE OF THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE, UTAH TERRITORY.—[From a recent Sketch.]

and still more, was sold at the tithing office of the Church.

Such facts can and will be proved by legal testimony. Sixteen children, varying from two to nine years of age, have been recovered from the Mormons. These could not be induced to utter a word until assured that they were out of the hands of the Mormons and safe in the hands of the Americans. Then their tale is so consonant with itself that it can not be doubted. Innocence has in truth spoken. Guilt has fled to the mountains. The time fast approaches when "justice shall be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

THE Proprietors of this paper beg to draw attention to the following list of

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LATE WAR IN EUROPE,

which have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY within the past few weeks. The number, variety, and excellence of these engravings will show how thoroughly and faithfully the news of the day is illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and constitute a guarantee of the future performance of this journal.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. Reception of the Austrian Embassador at the Tuileries on New-Year's Day (on which occasion the Emperor uttered his startling warning to the world).
II. The Funeral of Emilio Dandolo at Milan (which caused the first outbreak).
III. Count Cavour (from a Photograph).
IV. Prince Metternich.
V. Austrian Officers in a Café in Milan just before the War.
VI. Departure of Italian Volunteers from Leghorn for Genoa.
VII. Sardinian Troops in full Uniform.
VIII. Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia.
IX. Cardinal Antonelli, Papal Premier.
X. Zouaves leaving Versailles by Torchlight for the War.
XI. The new King of Naples.
XII. The City of Genoa, a magnificent Picture.
XIII. Exactions of the Austrian invaders at Vercelli.
XIV. The Bridge over the Ticino at Buffalora.
XV. Arrival of the first French Troops in Piedmont.
XVI. General Gyulai (from a late Photograph.)
XVII. The Emperor of Austria and his Generals.
XVIII. The City of Turin.
XIX. The City and Fort of Alessandria.
XX. Sardinians working at new Fortifications of Alessandria.
XXI. A Map of Northern Italy.
XXII. Another Map, showing every Town, Village, Railroad, High-Road, Stream, and Mountain in the Country.
XXIII. French Troops marching through a Sardinian Fortress to meet the Austrians.
XXIV. FIRST BLOOD.—THE SKIRMISH AT FRASSINETTO.
XXV. The Emperor of the French, surrounded by Generals Canrobert, Randon, Baraguay D'Hilliers, Prince Napoleon, Magnan, Castellane, MacMahon, Malakoff, and Niel.
XXVI. The Emperor Francis-Joseph of Austria.
XXVII. General Garibaldi.
XXVIII. Garibaldi's Troops in Uniform.
XXIX. Como, the Scene of Garibaldi's Victory.
XXX. THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.
XXXI. The Emperor visiting the Wounded in Hospital.
XXXII. The Empress presiding over the Council at the Tuileries.
XXXIII. Passage of the Sesia by the Piedmontese Bersaglieri.
XXXIV. BATTLE OF PALESTRO.
XXXV. A Zouave Charge at Palestro.
XXXVI. A Zouave in marching order.
XXXVII. A Tyrolese Rifleman.
XXXVIII. Austrian Spies brought into the French Camp to be Shot.
XXXIX. THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA—THE IMPERIAL GUARD AT BAY, a magnificent Picture.
XL. Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta.
XLI. The City of Milan, a splendid Engraving.
XLII. Place d'Armes at Milan.
XLIII. The Imperial Army Printing-Press, on which the Orders of the Day are Printed.
XLIV. The Emperor's Tent.
XLV. How the Turcos Fight.
XLVI. THE BATTLE OF MALEGNANO.
XLVII. Turcos' Heads.
XLVIII. General Schlick (from a Photograph).
XLIX. THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.
L. Charge of Voltigeurs at Solferino.
LI. A Zouave Charge on the Mincio.
LII. Map of the famous Austrian Quadrangle.
LIII. The City of Verona.
LIV. The City of Venice.

We take pleasure in appending the following from the Philadelphia *Press* of July 27:

"The Harpers have fairly surpassed the *London Illustrated News* in engravings relating to the war. Already they have published fifty-four plates, which is about double the number published by the *News*. The Harpers have, with their accustomed tact and energy, availed themselves of the engravings in the illustrated papers of Paris, and have published several prepared expressly for themselves. The WEEKLY has now got up to an edition of about ninety thousand."

WHY NAPOLEON MADE PEACE.

THE conversation which took place on 19th July between the Emperor of the French and the Presidents of the great bodies of the State sheds a remarkable light on the recent peace. We know of no public document or private history which reveals so much of the real character and purposes of the Emperor Napoleon.

He began by saying that, had he persevered in the war after the battle of Solferino, he would have been obliged to undertake a long and tedious enterprise against the fortresses which compose the famous quadrilateral; and he implied, though he did not say as much in words, that during the siege the revolutionary party in France would have probably disturbed the peace of the empire. Passing over this danger, he observed that Germany, sooner or later, would have drifted into the war, and thus that France would have been compelled to fight on the Rhine as well as on the Adige, and would further have been reduced to seek the aid of revolution to attain her objects. Rather than incur the responsibility of awakening revolution throughout Europe, and giving the signal for a general war, Napoleon resolved to "retrench from his programme the territory from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to see vanish from honest hearts noble delusions and patriotic hopes."

If history contains a more manly and honorable declaration than this we do not remember to have seen it.

Had Napoleon been the ambitious and dishonest schemer which the English and their American followers call him, he would never have admitted that he had failed in his object. It would not have needed any extraordinary display of sophistry to have made out that the Peace of Villafranca fulfilled the pledge of Genoa. M. Troplong and half a dozen other courtiers could have prepared in half an hour a manifesto showing that the Emperor had achieved even more than he promised; and had Napoleon been a mere political trickster—as he is so often represented—he would have availed himself of their special pleading, and would have shrunk from the necessity of confessing that he had been foiled. He has not done so. He has stated the case against himself as fully as the London *Times* could have done. In his position such candor is positively heroic.

Of the weight of the reasons which impelled him to conclude a peace every reasonable person can judge. There are many in this country whose intense hatred of monarchy and aristocracy leads them to bestow all their good-will on the revolutionists of Europe, and who desire nothing so ardently as a general uprising of the "popular party"—as the revolutionaries are erroneously called — against their sovereigns. But these are generally either country politicians who never saw Europe in their lives, or noisy ignorant Irishmen or Germans who took precious care to "roar gently" when they were within reach of the police of their native land. The fact is, that while the monarchical and aristocratic systems of Europe involve much that is absurd and even abominable, the worst of them is, on the whole, about as good as the best of the systems which have been thus far devised as substitutes by the revolutionists. Had Napoleon frankly called the revolutionaries to arms, and undertaken a "propaganda" in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, it is quite certain that a war would have commenced of which many of us would not have lived to see the end; it is highly probable that a second Waterloo would have terminated the struggle, and, with the assent of men of family and property every where, would have retarded the progress of liberal ideas for a generation or more.

On the other side, it is quite likely that the continuation of the war would have compelled Prussia to become a combatant. The outside pressure was becoming too severe to be long withstood. Prussia's intervention would probably have led to that of Russia; nor could England have remained a passive spectator while all Europe was in a blaze. Could any results imaginable have compensated humanity for so general and so terrible a struggle?

Wise and thoughtful men will, we think, decide that in foregoing his purposes in order to avoid these evils the Emperor of the French pursued the most reasonable, the most manly, and the most humane course.

But, it is urged, if all this be so, why did not Napoleon foresee the dangers before he embarked *dans cette galère?*

This question can not be answered until we see the results of the Zurich Conference. If that Conference does not render the condition of Italy better than it was before the war, then it will be necessary to admit that Napoleon has made a fatal blunder—has sacrificed needlessly thousands of men and millions of money—and is obnoxious to severe censure for not having foreseen the complications which have occurred. If, on the other hand, the Zurich Conference really effects substantial improvements in the condition of Italy, it will be hard to blame the Emperor of the French; for though he may not have achieved all he hoped, he will still have achieved enough to repay him for the cost of the war.

Again: how could he have foreseen the insane Gallophobia which has attacked the Germans? Before the war there was not a German out of Austria who was not opposed to the extra-Germanic dominions of Francis-Joseph. They were a parasitic growth, necessarily weakening the strongest Power in the German Confederation. They were a menace to Germany. They diverted Austria's strength from German channels. They were a perpetual bone of contention in the Diet. Time and again their incorporation in the Austrian empire had nearly involved a dissolution of the Germanic Confederacy. Yet when Napoleon undertakes to sever from Austria this foreign growth which had so annoyed and harassed Germany, the Germans set up a howl as though he were invading their own homes and hearths. To show the Germans that he intended them no ill it were impossible to do more than he did. He gathered no army on the Rhine to oppose the immense levies they mustered to menace France. He would not bombard Trieste, because it was used by the Confederation. In word and in deed, so far as words and deeds can tell, he told the Germans that his concern was with Italy, not with Germany. Yet so bitter was the anti-Gallic prejudice in the German breast that, in spite of all he could say or do, it is clear that, sooner or later, these Germans would have gone to war, had the campaign lasted, to maintain Austria in dominions of which it has been the most cherished aim of Prussia and other German States to see her deprived. Is it fair to blame Napoleon for not having foreseen such unexampled inconsistency and perverse folly?

The Powers that are the most humiliated by this peace are, after all, not Austria or France or Sardinia, but Prussia and England. Prussia especially occupies an unenviable position. The smaller States of Germany are furious with her for having shown what they consider a want of spirit. Austria will never forgive her for having held aloof in her hour of trial. France is not likely to feel grateful for the menace on the Rhine. England still nurses a grudge against her for remaining neutral during the war in the Crimea. If any contingency should place Prussia in peril—if, for instance, we should ever have a Government with pluck enough to insist upon her respecting our citizens—she would need a friend badly. There is not a great Power in Europe that does not hate and despise her.

Nor is England placed in a very gratifying position by the conclusion of peace. The annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont breaks up treaties to which she was a party; she is not even asked to send a representative to Zurich. From the outbreak to the close of the war she has contrived to conciliate the ill-will of all parties. Austria declares that she would never have invaded Sardinia but for the unequivocal sympathy for her cause professed for her by Lord Derby; and further urges that but for the stupid and ill-timed protest of England, she would have seized Turin at the commencement of the war. The French have all along classed Great Britain among their enemies. The unfair attacks of the British Press and Parliament on the Emperor, and the warlike preparations of England, made at a time when the bulk of the French army were occupied in Italy, are not likely to diminish the hereditary antipathy which the French feel for their old foe. If Prussia and England have hereafter awkward settlements to effect with their neighbors, they will have no one but themselves to blame.

MORAL FROM A LAW BOOK.

ACCORDING to an old book of legal gossip the common phrase "glorious uncertainty of the law" *should* read, "inglorious certainty of the law." Saith a student to his doctor, "How can the law be certain which of times is rendered variously?" Quoth the doctor, "It is certain to be certain at the last certainty of decision." Replies the student, "Such certainty is inglorious."

This reference recurred in turning over the leaves of a recently published volume of the reports of our New York Court of Appeals—the eighteenth volume of the series in thirteen years; and *the sixty-first volume* of reports published of State Decisions since the Constitution of 1846 "tinkered the Judiciary." If this last "spawn" from the legal press of judicial dicta may be a sample of preceding volumes, then, indeed, in this age of progress, is the "certainty of the law" eminently inglorious. It contains eighty adjudications, in only forty-six of which were the judgments unanimous; and these *reverse thirty-two* judgments of the courts below —two-fifths of the whole number! There are a score of dissenting opinions given at length, and Mr. Justice Roosevelt of this district disagrees in ten instances with his brethren. As in the race or the rubber the last heat or the latest success determines consequences, so is it in law with adjudications of the highest court. But do these determine that the last learning is the best any more than the race or the rubber settle the final winners to be the ablest sportsmen? Each one of these thirty-two reversed cases were first tried before a judge with or without a jury. The result of this trial was an appeal by the unsuccessful suitors to a tribunal of three or more judges; from whose decision, in proper time, a second appeal was taken to the court of final resort. Many of the justices, in the first instances, confessedly equal in learning and logic those upon the upper bench. Moreover, in one case the last judges overrule their predecessors of a few years back.

In view, therefore, of such figures and facts, litigants may well credit the bar-tradition of the judge who submitted his decision to the 'head and tail' test of the jockey; and laymen on the threshold of a suit at law can sing in paraphrase of Hopkins and Sternhold's Psalmody:

> Life is not always longest
>   To those with ye tenderest nurses;
> But legal battles are easiest
>   To them with ye longest purses!

THE AMERICAN CUTICLE THICKENING.

WITHIN the past few weeks two books have been published in England berating this country. One is written by an Irishman who was Consul at Boston. This writer says that we are not at all civilized, and that Hibernian gentlemen who have the misfortune to be cast on our shores must make up their minds to endure a vast deal of annoyance from our savage habits, and will have cause to rejoice heartily when they make their escape, as he did, from half-civilized America to refined and polished Ireland. Our other critic is an English workman, who came here in search of fortune, and failed to find it. He, too, is strong on our want of civilization; but what troubles him still more is the tremendous difficulties which beset honest workmen here. Not only, says he, is work very scarce in the United States, but the pay is miserably mean, and innocent Britishers are constantly cheated even out of the small stipend agreed to be paid them. It is, he solemnly assures his readers, quite common for "Yankee" employers, in paying their hands, to make them take eight threepences for a quarter; at which outrage what honest man's blood would not boil? Then there is in New York a sad want of water and fresh air; the cheap lodgings are miserable, and very dear. In hard times, which occur every year or two, the burden is wholly thrown on the workman; employers, by their "Yankee cunning," escape it all, and roll in their carriages as usual. Much more this worthy man says which we have not space to repeat; the sum of his diatribe being an earnest appeal to British workmen not on any account to emigrate to the United States.

If these two books had been published ten or fifteen years ago they would probably have been reprinted here long since, and our newspapers would ere this have been at them tooth and nail. We should have been assured, in the old style, that they were evidences that John Bull had not forgiven New Orleans, and that the proud and bloated aristocracy needed consolation against the growth and prosperity of the republic. As it is, we dare say that not one person in a thousand of our readers ever heard of the works before us, or is likely to ask for them at the booksellers. We have seen but two or three reviews of the consul's book, and those let him up quite easily; the British workman's onslaught has passed wholly unnoticed.

These things seem to indicate a gradual hardening and toughening of the American cuticle. Our skin is growing thicker; it is less sensitive to foreign arrows than it was in the days when Martin Chuzzlewit made us foam at the mouth. Who knows but, by-and-by, we may grow callous enough to laugh at caricatures of ourselves drawn by a foreign hand?

The American eagle would no doubt be profoundly humiliated in his eyrie if he thought we could ever learn lessons of any kind from the foreign world. But that bitter fate is, we fear, in store for the noble bird. Indifference has succeeded thin-skinned sensitiveness to foreign sarcasm; the next step may be an honest desire to profit by criticism from any quarter, without regard to its motives. There are lessons to be learned from the cavils of the most unkind censors; there is sound advice and instruction even in Martin Chuzzlewit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE BALLOON VOYAGE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

THE excitement of the public mind in regard to the transcontinental balloon voyage from St. Louis to Jefferson County, New York, having passed away, a few words of explanation concerning the false reports that were circulated about it, and a consequent misunderstanding therefrom resting in that public mind, may be opportune at this time.

Your own journal, as well as many other respectable papers, have been imposed on by fabricated accounts, purporting to be from Mr. O. A. Gager and from Mr. John La Mountain.

Permit me to say that I have no ill-feeling against Mr. La Mountain. I verily believe that no trouble would have arisen with him had he not placed himself in the hands of an indiscreet relation connected with the Troy *Times*. This person is attempting to build up a reputation for Mr. La

Mountain by destroying mine, which I have been more than twenty years in acquiring—time will show with what success.

As for me, my business is to sail balloons, to improve the system of aerial navigation, to teach it to others; to improve the art in every way I can, and not to engage in controversies about the little details of this or that experiment. I claim to have done nothing but an ordinary duty in our late trip—just what any other ordinary man of the same experience and inclinations might have done; and I feel it a duty that I owe to science and to truth to give a full and faithful report in pamphlet form. This pamphlet I have submitted to the perusal of Mr. O. A. Gager for correction and revision before it went to press, and he has made such alterations and corrections as he deemed proper. I deemed this a duty I owed to Mr. O. A. Gager, because he was the projector of the *Atlantic*, and because he is a gentleman of energy, intelligence, and manly integrity.

His candid letter to me upon his seeing the fabricated reports which have appeared is perhaps the best and most explanatory commentary upon this abuse of a well-intended adventure. We all felt devoted to our mission, and sincere and harmonious in our action, until the gentleman of the Troy *Times* thought fit to mar that harmony by his ill-directed and ill-timed intermeddling.

I here submit this letter:

NEW YORK, *July* 10, 1859.

FRIEND WISE, *Lancaster, Pennsylvania:*

DEAR SIR,—I have not yet seen John La Mountain since we left him in "Adams." You have doubtless seen what purports to be "his account," written by Mr. Demers of the Troy *Times*. Also an account of his reception on his return to Lansingburg. The motives that have prompted all the articles in the Troy *Times* are plainly seen and generally known even in their own vicinity, and by Mr. La Mountain's friends; and I am confident the general feeling of the sensible public in their own vicinity is much changed since their publication. I was asked while in Troy by Mr. Demers how I liked Mr. La Mountain's account. My reply was, I thought it unworthy of notice, knowing that it was written by himself (Demers). I could only say I thought it rather ungenerous for Mr. La Mountain to allow his signature to be affixed to an article stating "he was deserted by his fellows, sick and disabled," when he turned back of his own accord, and at the time when I divided with him all the funds I had with me, being enough to have brought him safely home. Still I told him (Demers) I would take it as a favor if he would not allude to my remarks, or in any way associate my name more than possible with any thing he published. I would much prefer to be before the world in the position I find myself from his accounts—a coward and a deserter from my friends in time of need and sickness—than to have him parade my name in his journal. I insisted upon their disavowing the authority of the report given to the public as "Mr. Gager's account," which they did. Then I had got through with them. I am very much averse to a newspaper controversy, knowing that it would please them too well. That is the only thing, I think, they are after. I told them I did not blame John, only for allowing his signature to go to such a statement, knowing, as you would yourself after reading it, that it was never written by him.

I am, as ever, truly yours,

O. A. GAGER.

I deem this brief explanation necessary to the cause of truth, to the integrity of Mr. Gager, to the correction of the fabricated reports, to the sustainment of Mr. Hyde's account, and to my own humble efforts in this interesting act.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN WISE.

P.S.—I will shortly prepare you an article on my further progress.

☞ THE Engineer of the Washington Monument at Washington, D. C., has issued a circular calling on the 30,000 Postmasters throughout the country to collect funds for the purpose of completing that work. If every Postmaster collects something the work will soon be finished.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LAST MURDER.

THAT a man mad with rum and passion should shoot his paramour in the street is not surprising, however shocking it may be. But that a body of Directors—composed, doubtless, of well-meaning and moral men—should suffer such a slaughter as that at the Schaghticoke Bridge to occur under their auspices is a most sickening and alarming fact.

According to the testimony at the inquest over the body of Mr. Plympton, the condition of the bridge was known. It was matter of notoriety, and a new one was contemplated. A bridge upon a great Northern route of travel, at the season of the year when the travel is largest, is known to be rotten. A train runs upon it at moderate speed; the bridge instantly gives way; nine persons are instantly killed, and many more are wounded.

There is no unforeseen chance in this. There can be no plea of inevitability. The Directors indirectly, and the Superintendent of the road directly, are the responsible persons for this catastrophe. In Appleton's Railway Guide for July the name of William White, of Albany, is printed as President and Superintendent of the road. We do not know him. We never heard of him before. We have no doubt that Mr. William White is a man who would not willingly hurt a dog. But he has assumed the responsibility, and he is doubtless paid for the work, of superintending that railroad. Now what is superintendence of a railroad if it be not, first of all, taking diligent care that human life is protected against every avoidable risk? To a certain extent defects of metal vitiating machinery, sudden land-slides, or water-spouts covering or washing the road, and some other circumstances which may occasion accidents and loss of life, are to be regarded as unavoidable, and a Superintendent may not be justly blamed if every possible human care has been taken.

But that over a particular river or ravine there should be no bridge at all, or a bridge so notoriously insecure that it is the same as none, is a carelessness which is crime. That a Superintendent should not know the absence or the rottenness of the bridge is a criminal ignorance; it is an inadequacy to the responsibility assumed, so gross and outrageous that the man who is guilty of it should be held up conspicuously to public condemnation. For men have no right to assume responsibilities involving human life without paying the penalty of betraying them.

The day of rhetoric and flaring capitals at the head of the newspaper column which contains the account of the slaughter has gone by. The appeal to the moral sense of individuals who are elected Directors and Managers of railroads seems to be almost hopeless. The statistics, and the experience of every traveler, demonstrate that our system of railroad management is a ghastly failure. Every where in the world a man travels by rail more safely than in this country.

The only practicable remedy is to make it incumbent upon the Attorney-General, in the case of every railroad accident, to proceed against the Company, and the punishment, upon conviction of carelessness of management in any form, should be in each case the forfeiture of a heavy percentage of the entire annual profits of the road, to be distributed among the injured and the families of the dead by proper adjudication. No man now leaves home without a secret apprehension. The slightest delay, or an unusual sound, instantly excites the passengers in a train to a painful anxiety. A nation of travelers, we have not learned how to travel. Let us protect ourselves against the railroad companies by insisting upon the passage and execution of the severest laws of pecuniary damages—and, that we may benefit as far as possible by the fear of infamy, let the names of the Presidents and Directors and Superintendents of the offending roads be made familiar to the public mind.

CAGLIOSTRO AT VILLAFRANCA.

THE first news of the peace was substantially correct. The warmest friends of Louis Napoleon can only say: "Wait till Zurich." The Emperor, it is clear, promised more than he could, or more than he intended to do; or else he deliberately used words of double meaning, to interpret them at his pleasure.

This, however, is to be said for him: that his career has shown great ability, and that he is not, probably, without good reasons for his present action. He is bent upon perpetuating his dynasty in France; and he has undoubtedly benefited by the lessons which he learned as a wanderer on the earth, to bring common, or, if he possibly can, uncommon, sense into his government. Of course he may mistake his own career, as his uncle did. He may not be able to see the principles and conditions upon which alone he can found a despotism in France. Kossuth's idea is the only philosophical one for the crisis. That is, that kingdoms must be based upon nationalities; and it is clear now that Europe would have endured the exile of Austria from every part of Italy as well as from Lombardy. The Emperor of Austria confesses that his natural allies—meaning Prussia—deserted him; and Lord John Russell, in his dispatch to Lord Bloomfield, before the news of peace, says that the fate of the fortresses must be left to new treaties.

As the case now stands, Austria and France, with clasped mailed hands, keep guard over Italy. They propose a confederation under certain conditions. Either, then, the Italians accept them, or decline. If they accept, they receive their country as a gift from the two armed guards. If they decline—what is the condition of Italy? But if they take their country as a gift, is it in the interest of pure liberty that Austria and France unite in the benefaction? Have those two powers laid aside individual ambition, and fallen to doing good for the love of goodness?

The warm friends of the French Emperor, who regarded him as a kind of inspired Providential agent, as a great and good man, and a vast benefactor of the human species (minus, of course, the dead of the Boulevards and the exiles of the colonies), may see in the present peace still more resplendent signs of his imperial greatness and goodness.

We do not. We see a successful adventurer. We are watching the game of a crowned Cagliostro.

COLLEGE ORATIONS.

THE time of conferring degrees has come, and the voice of the college orator is heard in the land. There are about two hundred and fifty colleges in the country, and about thirty thousand students. If we add to the annual orations delivered before the societies of these colleges those which are spoken before seminaries and academies, and the sermons and occasional addresses, we have a volley of eloquence and learning before which error ought to fly and ignorance capitulate.

Any gentleman may well be dismayed by the invitation to deliver a College Address, for what are called "literary topics" threaten to run short. What shall the orator talk about? Here are hundreds of living men, full of warm interests and common sympathy with the times and country in which they live, who come together, and, sitting in the lap of their Alma Mater, open their ears and minds and hearts to the man they have asked to speak to them. So let him talk as a living man to living men. Let him say something that he really thinks; break off a piece of his life and experience and thought, and give it to his hearers. It will do no harm if they all differ. He is invited to say what *he* thinks, not what his hearers think.

Moreover, in this country the only chance we have of fairly discussing the practical questions in which we have a common interest is at such an unpartisan assembly as a crowd of college graduates. It is precisely the time to look at our political principles from the philosophic and moral point of view. If we can't do it without losing our tempers, so much the worse for us and our principles. Let it be understood that dry dogmatic discussions of abstract themes are valuable at such times only as they bear upon life. Let it be understood that the educated American citizen is not afraid of repeating and repeating the grounds of his faith in the future of his country, nor of criticising his own errors of conduct in regard to that view as well as the errors of others. There are certain popular superstitions about the country—its principle and its practice—which, if every college orator this summer would thoughtfully treat in his address, would be on the way to correction.

A WORD TO THE NEIGHBORS OF ROTTEN BRIDGES.

ON Monday evening of last week the Lounger was quietly riding in the cars upon the Troy, Bennington, and Rutland Railroad, and heard his neighbors on the seat before him speaking of a trestle bridge so dangerous that it was notorious. On Tuesday evening a train ran upon the bridge, which fell as the locomotive struck it, and a frightful slaughter followed.

It appears that the neighbors of that bridge knew its insecurity as the neighbors in Indiana knew the insufficiency of the culvert, which presently proved its incompetency by choking and washing away the road, with a slaughter of some forty persons. Of course, there are plenty of such bridges and culverts and other weak works left, and daily exposing the lives of hundreds of people. Equally, of course, the railroad companies prefer to take the risk of an accident to the certainty of not being able to pay the interest on their bonds, if they spend money enough to keep the roads in proper order. Let those neighbors, then, put the public upon its guard. Wherever a point upon any road is notoriously insecure, let those who know it announce it to the public. Let it be understood that whoever takes the cars upon a certain road takes them at the imminent risk of his life. Let us have a Railway Detector as we have a Bank-note Detector, and see if this national disgrace of railway murder can not be corrected.

AMERICAN ART IN ENGLAND.

MR. POWERS's statue of the Greek Slave has just been bought at auction in London by the Earl of Cleveland for nine thousand dollars; and we observe in several papers long and careful notices of Church's picture of "The Heart of the Andes," which in the main agree with the general judgment of those who saw it here. Even the *Athenæum*, which always carps at American authors, is disposed to allow an American artist his just share of praise, and, while saying nothing enthusiastic, willingly concedes that "it does credit to the rising school of transatlantic painters, and is well worth a visit." The Manchester *Guardian* and London *Daily News* speak much more warmly. The former says: "In his treatment of water and light especially, Mr. Church approves himself a consummate master of the art of presentation in the subtlest matters on which that art can exercise its powers."

It is probably not known to many who know and admire Mr. Church's pictures that he has never been in Europe, and has, of course, not seen the great pictures of the old painters. His studies have been among our own scenery, and in that of the northern states of South America, where he has found the tropical subjects he so delights to reproduce.

Whatever his reasons for this course may have been, his career shows that very great excellence in an art may be attained without the study of its great illustrations. Of course it remains to be proved in Mr. Church's case how much better his works might be after seeing the European galleries. In this country there are perhaps enough pictures by famous masters to show a student what such works are; but it is only familiar intercourse with many works of such men that reveals all their secrets.

Mr. Church is understood to be passing the summer in the vapory regions of Newfoundland and the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Having bared for us the Heart of the Andes, perhaps he is about to reveal to us the splendor of icebergs and cold mists.

AN EPIGRAM.

A CORRESPONDENT thus pleasantly turns the tables upon the mediums, or media—which is according to the true language?

"MR. LOUNGER,—Is it lawful to be epigrammatish in hot weather? Let me, then, premise that.

"In an article written by Judge Edmonds for the New York *Tribune*, July 19, headed 'Speaking in Many Tongues' (and intended to show how persons 'spiritually' inclined often speak in many tongues which they do not understand), there occurs the following specimen sentence:

"'The name "wrote" was A. Millington, making eleven letters,' etc.

"Hence your friend 'Hans Yorkel' pencils on a Newport flat the following:

"'Judge Edmonds to the *Tribune* writes
A letter marvelous and quaint,
To show us how the medium sprites
(Led by some spiritual saint,
Varying the climate of his lungs)
Can speak in many foreign tongues;
Or read with spiritual optic
All languages, from Celt to Coptic!
But what of lingual skill is shown
If, learned in *foreign* language grown,
A medium wrongly writes *his own?*'"

OUTWARD-BOUND.

A CORRESPONDENT, E. N. P., who was "once a son of the sea," writes this lively lyric:

Homeward-bound is a welcome sound,
But outward-bound give me;
With the swelling gale, and the rending sail,
And the rush of the roaring sea!

We leave behind the chasing wind,
We leave behind the shore;
While hill and tree sink in the sea,
Perhaps to rise no more.

We've said farewell—and the tears that fell
From our cheeks we've brushed away;
But, the homeward-bound, all but in sound
Of the mirth of his children at play:

And the song of his wife, when the winds are at strife,
And the rocks lurk under the lee,
May find a grave in the whelming wave,
And never his family.

Ay, outward-bound is a noble sound,
For the sea is a noble host;
And who deeply drink, from his beaker's brink,
Are the guests that love him the most.

We little reck, as we pace the deck,
The storm-cloud that blackens the sky;
Whate'er may call, whate'er befall,
We are ready to brave it, and die.

We never shrink, though heaven be ink,
And the waves a waste of snow;
With good sea-room, we court the gloom,
And all the gales that blow.

Oh, homeward-bound is a welcome sound,
But outward-bound give me;
Till I touch the shore, whence they sail no more—
The far eternity.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—W. V. A., Detroit, writes, in relation to the marriage of the Queen with a subject, "There is a law prohibiting the marriage of any of the royal family without the consent of the reigning sovereign, but no legal restriction on the sovereign's will so far as he or she is personally concerned."

—BOOK WORM reminds the Lounger that Arsene Houssaye and most French memoirs attribute to Madame de Pompadour the words "After me the Deluge," and that Metternich did not first say them. That is true, but he adopted them in '48, quoting from the old *régime*. The correction is timely and just. Metternich, like Talleyrand, will doubtless have the credit of many more good things than he has said. In like manner, upon a recent occasion, when the author of the "Potiphar Papers" had delivered an address, some one inquired, "Who is this gentleman?" "Why," said another, much better informed, "don't you know who this is? This is the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "The Howadji," and "Nothing to Wear!" The questioner was entirely satisfied; and so ought the author in question to have been—had it only been true.

—A TRUE, WARM-HEARTED BUFFALONIAN sends an advertisement for a wife, who, among many requirements, must be "lively as a cricket." It seems hard that a gentleman with whom "money is no object," and who is young and well and altogether desirable, speaking matrimonially, and who also lives in Buffalo, should be obliged to advertise in a New York paper for a wife. In justice to the unmarried ladies of Buffalo we withhold his address.

—PHILOM, Lockport, will find in a late number of the *Weekly* that the line he asks for is from a Latin poem of Richard Crashaw:

"Lympha pudica Deum vidit et eribuit."

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

"The admirable correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*, Porte Crayon," whose name PHILOM asks, the Lounger betrays no secret in saying is D. H. Strother, of Virginia.

—YE CLERKE, Augusta, Georgia, confirmed by S. Woodbury, Connecticut, in reply to a late question about "Night pinning her mantle with a star," etc., says:

"Macdonald Clarke, the 'Mad Poet,' wrote the lines

"'And Evening lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.'

"Drake, in his 'Culprit Fay,' has the following line:

"'And buttoned with a sparkling star.'"

—E. P. H. would like to know the meaning of "post-prandial." It is derived from the Latin, and means "after-dinner." A post-prandial cigar, ante (before) prandial bitters, etc., may not be unknown (by report) to E. P. H.

—SUS, Providence, Rhode Island. The author of "Eothen" is a London barrister and member of Parliament, Mr. Kinglake, well known and admired in society. He has had the singular hardihood to write only one immensely successful book. He was not a fellow-traveler of Eliot Warburton's, whose "Crescent and Cross" was published soon after "Eothen." Kinglake compliments Warburton for the brilliant papers "that lit up our last November." The author of "Cosas d'España" *is* also the author of the "Life of Schamyl," John Milton Mackie, who has written also a "Life of Leibnitz," the fruit of studies and residence in Germany. Doubtless he would gladly have his mouth stopped in the way SUS proposes:

"It would be possible to show him that all good pork is not nut-fed, as in Spain; and he should acknowledge that clover is the best aliment for the concoction of the flavorous juices. If any man dare question this his mouth shall be stopped and his antagonism neutralized by the succulent fitch of honey-suckle-begotten bacon complacently augmenting in clover."

—G. S. L. There is no steel engraving of Gignoux's Niagara, nor will there probably be one. The Heart of the Andes will be engraved in London.

—A correspondent in Georgetown, District of Columbia, thus satisfactorily answers a late inquiry of "Virginian:"

"Neither 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens,' nor 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country,' is right.

"The first is a garbled reading by Chief-Justice Marshall, or his proof-reader. The second is the result of what is technically termed by printers *an out*.

"The quotation referred to occurs in the fourth of a series of resolutions presented to the United States House of Representatives, on Thursday, December 19, 1799, and reads thus:

"'3. That a joint Committee of both Houses be appointed to report measures suitable to the occasion, and expressive of the profound sorrow with which Congress is penetrated on the loss of a citizen *first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.*'

"The resolutions were drawn by General Henry Lee, and presented to the House by John Marshall, a representative from Virginia.

"The preceding resolution is copied *verbatim* from the 3d volume of House Journal (Gale & Seaton's reprint), Washington, 1826, page 540.

"Mr. Marshall's remarks on introducing the resolutions are published in Gale & Seaton's *Annals of Congress*, 1st session, 6th Congress, page 203.

"The funeral oration in honor of General George Washington, before both Houses of Congress, was delivered in the German Lutheran Church of Philadelphia, on the 26th December, 1799, by Major-General Henry Lee. In it occurs this passage:

"'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life.'"

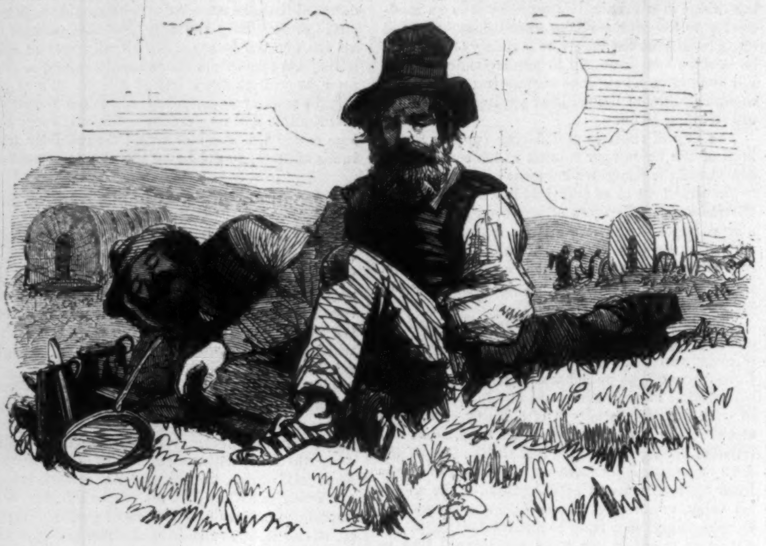
—REX, Hamilton, Georgia. J. Ross Browne is, we believe, at present in California. His published works are: "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar;" and "Yusef, a Crusade in the East."

THE PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MINES.—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SOUTH FORK OF THE PLATTE, *June*, 1859.

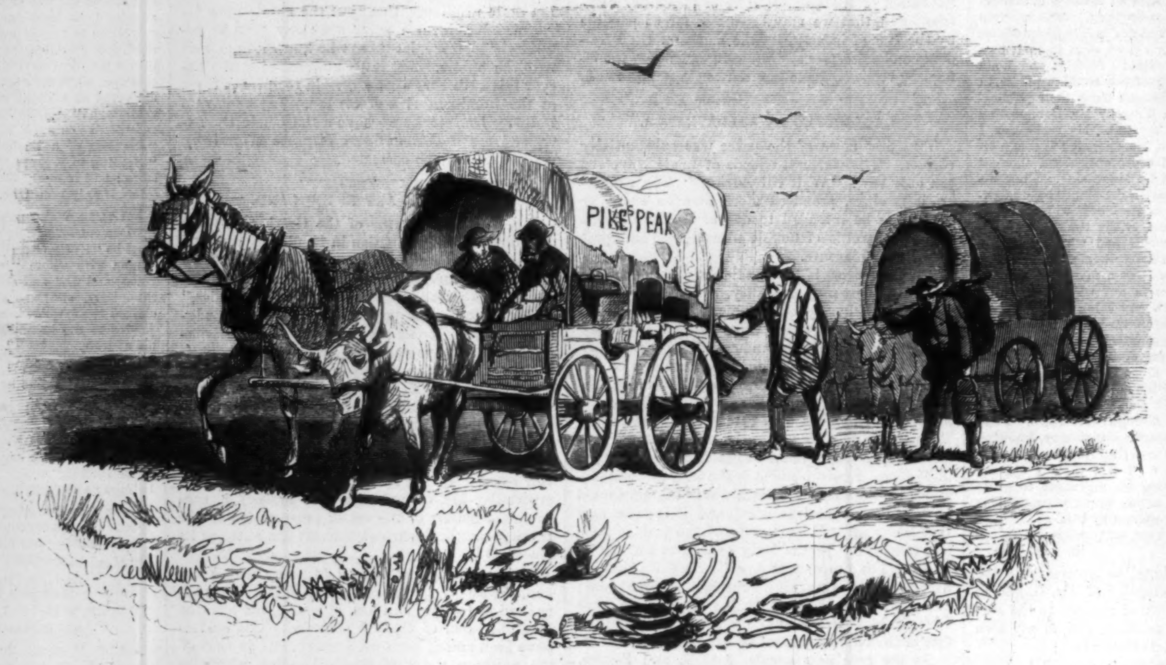
FAR distant upon the boundless prairies stretching away toward the setting sun, and over four hundred and fifty miles from the border towns of the Missouri River, this letter is written for the amusement and instruction of your readers. The author, dressed in a soiled suit of corduroy, and with a ventilated slouched hat upon his head, is seated upon the tongue of a wagon, with a five-gallon vinegar-keg for his writing-desk, while at the same moment the first teams of Colonel F. W. Lander's South Pass Wagon-road Expedition are entering the water at the crossing of the South Fork of the Platte.

At the present date both banks of the river are lined with the wagons and animals of the emigrants; and the happy owners of those which have successfully "passed over Jordan" may well cast their eyes across the swelling flood and gaze with Christian resignation upon the toiling and struggling pilgrims who have yet to prove their faith and endurance. The water rushing over the wagons, the plunging and kicking of the mules, and the imprecations of the teamsters, render the scene one of peculiar interest; and to add to it, Dog Belly, chief of the Ogallalah band of the Sioux tribe of Indians, with a small party of his braves, are grouped around Colonel Lander's carriage, smoking the pipe of peace. Mr. Albert Bierstadt, of Boston, the artist of the expedition, is engaged in sketching their appearance. And it is to his pencil we are indebted for the illustrations accompanying this article.



A PIKE'S PEAKER.

During the past ten days we have met thousands of the deluded and suffering gold-seekers retracing their steps to the quiet farms of the West. Many of them were in a starving condition, barefooted, ragged, and penniless; and it has caused much delay in the progress of the expedition, and materially diminished our supply of provisions, to feed these hungry, home-bound strollers. We counted upon one day ninety-three wagons, and the following one eighty-four, to each of which was attached from six to ten men; and besides these, hundreds of others who were wandering along without any mode of conveyance. Up to this point of our journey we have probably passed five thousand desponding and disappointed men returning to the States, and this number is but small compared to those who have pressed on toward California.



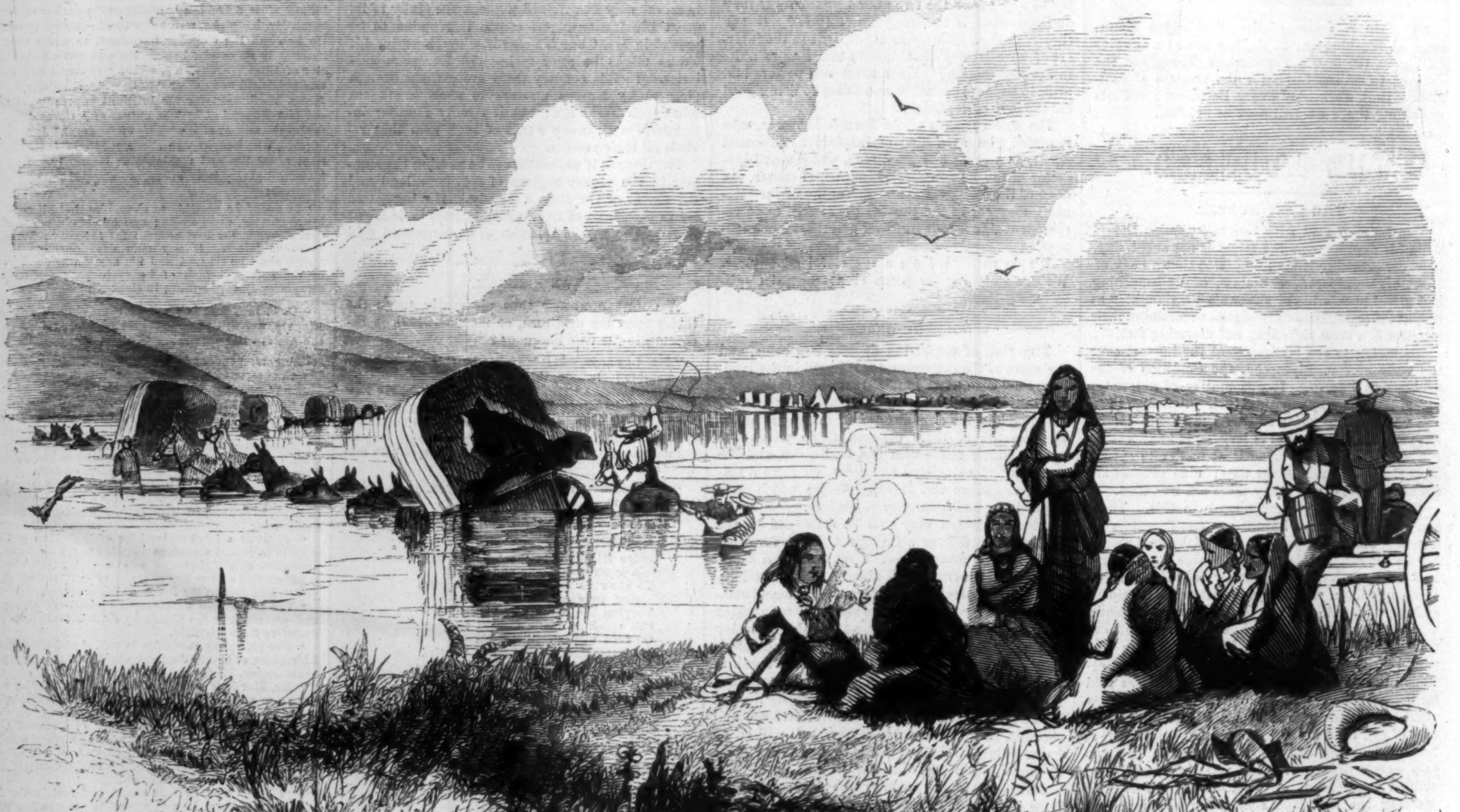
CROSSING THE PLAINS.

On the Smoky Hill Fork route the suffering has been much more extensive and aggravated. Of one party some twelve or fifteen died in a state of starvation, and in some instances the survivors preserved their own lives by eating the dead bodies of their former companions. I conversed with a returning emigrant who saw and spoke to the insane survivor of three brothers by the name of Blew, from Whiteside County, Illinois, who had eaten the dead bodies of his brethren, and was found by the Indians in a dying state, and by them carried to the nearest passing train. These reports are confirmed by old and reliable mountaineers, and there is no reason to doubt that the full story of the emigrants' wrongs and suffering is yet to be told.

We hear that some of these deluded men, infuriated by the deception practiced upon them, have risen in their might, and in Denver City have visited a terrible retribution upon two or three of the prominent actors in the drama. It is also reported that the conflagration of the town is threatened.

Before closing this article I desire to refer to the advantages of this central, or, as it is termed, South Pass route, as a convenient road. Many years ago it was adopted by the old Northwest and American Fur Companies as the route of supply for their forts. It was selected and traveled, after long exploration of the mountains, by beaver hunters, who set traps upon every stream, and whose experience justified its adoption. Frémont followed this old trail in his passage to Oregon, and the overland emigrant pursues it at this day. When the Congressional act was passed to construct a wagon-road to California through the South Pass, all that could be done to better the road was to shorten it where the travel had been compelled to pass around the dense forests of the Wasatch Mountains. This was done by Col. Lander's party, after a long exploration, and the bridges and ferries of the old road avoided. The next step is to bridge the Platte. The route is equally short to Oregon and California, and passes far enough north to avoid the fenced inclosures of the Mormons, giving the overland emigrants pasturage free of cost.

In connection with the danger of crossing this river, we have just received the distressing intelligence that two young gentlemen attached to the expedition, Gilbert B. Towles and John Marshall Wilson, sons of leading citizens of Washington, both taken ill from the inclemency of the weather and sent home from Fort Kearney, have been drowned, in the attempt to ford at the lower crossing.



CROSSING THE PLATTE.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

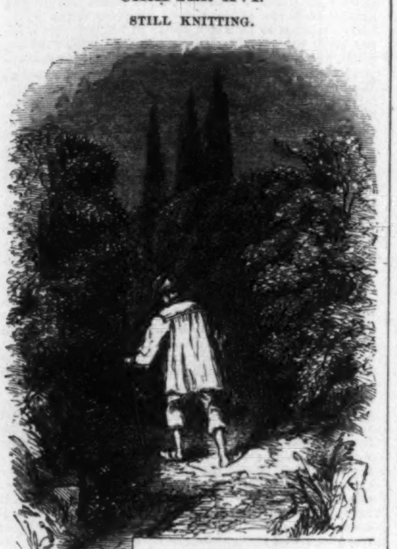
☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL KNITTING.



MADAME DEFARGE and Monsieur her husband returned amicably to the bosom of Saint Antoine, while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the darkness, and through the dust, and down the weary miles of avenue by the way-side, slowly tending toward that point of the compass where the chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, now in his grave, listened to the whispering trees. Such ample leisure had the stone faces now for listening to the trees and to the fountain, that the few village scarecrows who, in their quest for herbs to eat and fragments of dead stick to burn, strayed within sight of the great stone court-yard and terrace staircase, had it borne in upon their starved fancy that the expression of the faces was altered. A rumor just lived in the village—had a faint existence there, as its people had—that when the knife struck home the faces changed from faces of pride to faces of anger and pain; also, that when that dangling figure was hauled up forty feet above the fountain they changed again, and bore a cruel look of being avenged, which they would henceforth bear forever. In the stone face over the great window of the bedchamber, where the murder was done, two fine dints were pointed out in the sculptured nose, which every body recognized, and which nobody had seen of old; and on the scarce occasions when two or three ragged peasants emerged from the crowd to take a hurried peep at Monsieur the Marquis petrified, a skinny finger would not have pointed to it for a minute before they all started away among the moss and leaves, like the more fortunate hares, who could find a living there.

Chateau and hut, stone face and dangling figure, the red stain on the stone floor and the pure water in the village well—thousands of acres of land—a whole province of France—all France itself—lay under the night sky, concentrated into a faint hair-breadth line. So does a whole world, with all its greatnesses and littlenesses, lie in a twinkling star. And as mere human knowledge can split a ray of light and analyze the manner of its composition, so, sublimer intelligences may read in the feeble shining of this earth of ours every thought and act, every vice and virtue, of every responsible creature on it.

The Defarges, husband and wife, came lumbering under the starlight in their public vehicle, to that gate of Paris whereunto their journey naturally tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guard-house, and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted: knowing one or two of the soldiery there, and one of the police. The latter he was intimate with, and affectionately embraced.

When Saint Antoine had again enfolded the Defarges in his dusky wings, and they, having finally alighted near the Saint's boundaries, were picking their way on foot through the black mud and offal of his streets, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband:

"Say then, my friend, what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

"Very little to-night, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more for all that he can say, but he knows of one."

"Eh well!" said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. "It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?"

"He is English."

"So much the better. His name?"

"Barsad," said Defarge, making it French by pronunciation. But he had been so careful to get it accurately that he then spelled it with perfect correctness.

"Barsad," repeated madame. "Good. Christian name?"

"John."

"John Barsad," repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. "Good. His appearance; is it known?"

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark; face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination toward the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister."

"Eh my faith. It is a portrait!" said madame, laughing. "He shall be registered to-morrow."

They turned into the wine-shop, which was closed (for it was midnight), and where Madame Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, examined the stock, went through the entries in the book, made other entries of her own, checked the serving-man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time, and began knotting them up in her handkerchief, in a chain of separate knots, for safe keeping through the night. All this while Defarge, with his pipe in his mouth, walked up and down, complacently admiring, but never interfering; in which condition, indeed, as to the business and his domestic affairs, he walked up and down through life.

The night was hot, and the shop, close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighborhood, was ill-smelling. Monsieur Defarge's olfactory sense was by no means delicate, but the stock of wine smelled much stronger than it ever tasted, and so did the stock of rum and brandy and aniseed. He whiffed the compound of scents away as he put down his smoked-out pipe.

"You are fatigued," said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. "There are only the usual odors."

"I am a little tired," her husband acknowledged.

"You are a little depressed, too," said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts but they had had a ray or two for him. "Oh, the men, the men!"

"But my dear—" began Defarge.

"But my dear," repeated madame, nodding firmly; "but my dear! You are faint of heart to-night, my dear."

"Well, then," said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, "it *is* a long time."

"It is a long time," repeated his wife; "and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule."

"It does not take a long time to strike a man with Lightning," said Defarge.

"How long," demanded madame, composedly, "does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me?"

Defarge raised his forehead thoughtfully, as if there were something in that, too.

"It does not take a long time," said madame, "for an earthquake to swallow up a town. Eh well! Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?"

"A long time, I suppose," said Defarge.

"But when it is ready it takes place, and grinds to pieces every thing before it. In the mean time it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it!"

She tied a knot with flashing eyes, as if it throttled a foe.

"I tell thee," said madame, extending her right hand for emphasis, "that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops. I tell thee it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know; consider the faces of all the world that we know; consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses itself with more and more of certainty every hour. Can such things last? Bah! I mock you."

"My brave wife," returned Defarge, standing before her with his head a little bent, and his hands clasped at his back, like a docile and attentive pupil before his catechist, "I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible—you know well, my wife, it is possible—that it may not come during our lives."

"Eh well! How then?" demanded madame, tying another knot, as if there were another enemy strangled.

"Well!" said Defarge, with a half-complaining and half-apologetic shrug. "We shall not see the triumph."

"We shall have helped it," returned madame, with her extended hand in strong action. "Nothing that we do is done in vain. I believe, with all my soul, that we shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and still I would—"

There madame, with her teeth set, tied a very terrible knot indeed.

"Hold!" cried Defarge, reddening a little, as if he felt charged with cowardice; "I, too, my dear, will stop at nothing."

"Yes! But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes, let loose a tiger and a devil; but wait for the time with the tiger and the devil chained up—not shown—yet always ready."

Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with no infraction of her usual preoccupied air. There were a few customers, drinking or not drinking, standing or seated, sprinkled about. The day was very hot, and heaps of flies, who were extending their inquisitive and adventurous perquisitions into all the glutinous little glasses near madame, fell dead at the bottom. Their decease made no impression on the other flies out promenading, who looked at them in the coldest manner (as if they themselves were elephants, or something as far removed), until they met the same fate. Curious to consider—perhaps they thought as much at Court that sunny summer day—how heedless flies are!

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her head-dress before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

"Good-day, madame," said the new-comer.

"Good-day, monsieur."

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting: "Hah! Good-day; age, about forty; height, about five feet nine; black hair; generally rather handsome visage; complexion dark; eyes, dark; thin, long, and sallow face; aquiline nose, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination toward the left cheek, which imparts a sinister expression! Good-day, one and all!"

"Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame."

Madame complied with a polite air.

"Marvelous cognac this, madame!"

It was the first time it had ever been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its antecedents to know better. She said, however, that the cognac was flattered, and took up her knitting. The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments, and took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

"You knit with great skill, madame."

"I am accustomed to it."

"A pretty pattern too!"

"*You* think so?" said madame, looking at him with a smile.

"Decidedly. May one ask what it is for?"

"Pastime," said madame, still looking at him with a smile, while her fingers moved nimbly.

"Not for use?"

"That depends. I may find use for it one day. If I do—well," said madame, drawing a breath and nodding her head with a stern kind of coquetry, "I'll use it!"

It was remarkable; but the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head-dress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretense of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor of those who had been there when this visitor entered was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign. They had lounged away in a poverty-stricken, purposeless, accidental manner, quite natural and unimpeachable.

"JOHN," thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough and I shall knit 'BARSAD' before you go."

"You have a husband, madame?"

"I have."

"Children?"

"No children."

"Business seems bad?"

"Business is very bad; the people are so poor."

"Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed too—as you say."

"As *you* say," madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."

"*I* think?" returned madame, in a high voice. "I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine-shop open without thinking. All we think here is, how to live. That is the subject we think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about without embarrassing our heads concerning others. *I* think for others? No, no."

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his sinister face, but stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" with a sigh of great compassion.

"My faith!" returned madame, coolly and lightly, "if people use knives for such purposes they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price."

"I believe," said the spy, dropping his soft voice to a tone that invited confidence, and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every muscle of his wicked face: "I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighborhood touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves."

"Is there?" asked madame, vacantly.

"Is there not?"

"—Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, with an engaging smile, "Good-day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

"Good-day, Jacques!" the spy repeated, with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy, airily, but discomfited too; "good-day!"

"Good-day," answered Defarge, sulkily.

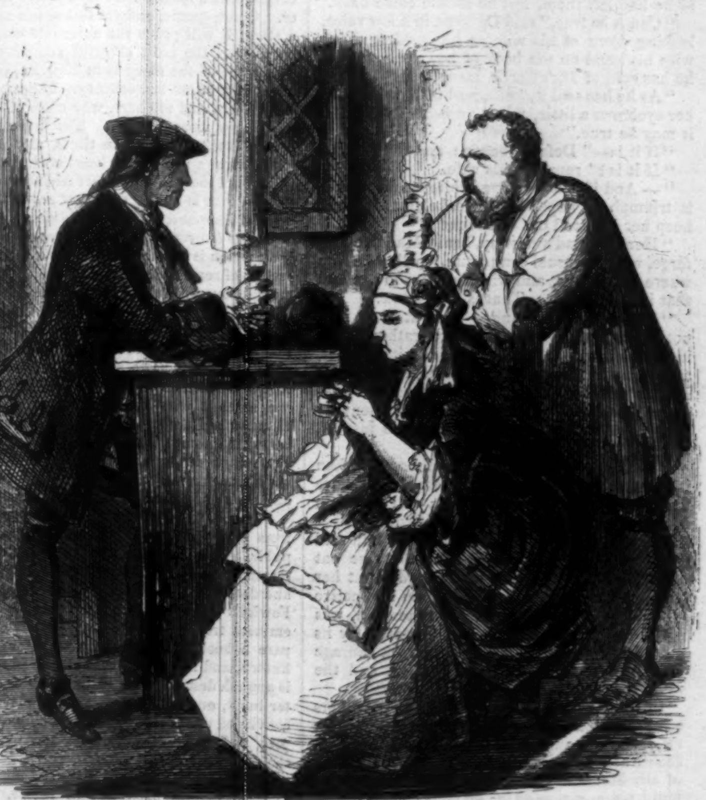
"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head; "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over that barrier at the person to whom they were both opposed, and whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again, and hummed a little song over it.

"You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do?" observed Defarge.



"AND STOOD WITH HIS HAND ON THE BACK OF HIS WIFE'S CHAIR."

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Hah!" muttered Defarge.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me," pursued the spy, "that I have the honor of cherishing some interesting associations with your name."

"Indeed?" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you his old domestic had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstances?"

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge. He had had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife's elbow as she knitted and warbled, that he would do best to answer, but always with brevity.

"It was to you," said the spy, "that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur; how is he called?—in a little wig—Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company—over to England."

"Such is the fact," repeated Defarge.

"Very interesting remembrances!" said the spy. "I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England."

"Yes?" said Defarge.

"You don't hear much about them now," said the spy.

"No," said Defarge.

"In effect," madame struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, "we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter, or perhaps two; but since then they have gradually taken their road in life—we, ours—and we have held no correspondence."

"Perfectly so, madame," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."

"Going?" echoed madame. "She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me."

"Oh! You know I am English."

"I perceive your tongue is," returned madame; "and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is."

He did not take the identification as a compliment; but he made the best of it, and turned it off with a laugh. After sipping his cognac to the end, he added:

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel!), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband. Do what he would behind the little counter, as to the striking of a light and the lighting of his pipe, he was troubled, and his hand was not trust-worthy. The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leave; taking occasion to say, in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again. For some minutes after he had emerged into the outer presence of Saint Antoine, the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife as he stood smoking with his hand on the back of her chair, "what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette?"

"As he has said it," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it is—" Defarge began; and stopped.

"If it is?" repeated his wife.

"—And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny," said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, "will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know."

"But it is very strange—now, at least is it not very strange"—said Defarge, rather pleading with his wife to induce her to admit it, "that, after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment by the side of that infernal dog's who has just left us?"

"Stranger things than that will happen when it does come," answered madame. "I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough."

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head. Either Saint Antoine had an instinctive sense that the objectionable decoration was gone, or St. Antoine was on the watch for its disappearance; howbeit, the Saint took courage to lounge in very shortly afterward, and the wine-shop recovered its habitual aspect.

In the evening, at which season of all others Saint Antoine turned himself inside out, and sat on door-steps and window-ledges, and came to the corners of vile streets and courts for a breath of air, Madame Defarge, with her work in her hand, was accustomed to pass from place to place, and from group to group: a Missionary—there were many like her—such as the world will do well never to breed again. All the women knitted. They knitted worthless things; but the mechanical work was a mechanical substitute for eating and drinking; the hands moved for the jaws and the digestive apparatus; if the bony fingers had been still, the stomachs would have been more famine-pinched.

But as the fingers went the eyes went, and the thoughts. And as Madame Defarge moved on from group to group, all three went quicker and fiercer among every little knot of women that she had spoken with and left behind.

Her husband smoked at his door, looking after her with admiration. "A great woman," said he; "a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman!"

Darkness closed around, and then came the ringing of church bells and the distant beating of the drums of the Royal Guard, as the women sat knitting, knitting. Darkness encompassed them. Another darkness was closing in as surely, when the church bells, then ringing pleasantly in many an airy steeple over France, should be melted into thundering cannon; when the drums should be beating to drown a wretched voice, then all potent as the voice of Power and Plenty, Freedom and Life. So much was closing in about the women who sat knitting, knitting, that they their very selves were closing in around a structure yet unbuilt, where they were to sit knitting, knitting, counting dropping heads.

LITERARY.

WE mentioned some time ago that J. Hammond Trumbull, Esq., of Hartford, was engaged in editing a third volume of COLONIAL RECORDS OF CONNECTICUT. It is now before us, containing a transcript of the records from 1678 to 1689, with interesting historical and family documents by way of Appendix; forming an elegant octavo, in uniform with the previous issues of the same records. Mr. Trumbull is one of the most accomplished historical scholars in America. He has been for many years devoted, as a labor of love, to investigations among the old records and manuscripts which New England public offices and private houses contain, and especially those in the State Department of Connecticut. The colonial records which are there preserved are in a manuscript illegible to any living man except Mr. Trumbull. In his first volume he gave fac-similes of these, which served to show the labor of transcribing and editing them. He has now given three volumes to the public; and we repeat what we said before—that every man of Connecticut origin ought to possess these volumes, and transmit them to his children. Here are records that are no historical myths. They are not the story of hardship or of faith, told by admiring biographers, or by posterity seeking to increase the glory of their ancestors. But they are the journals of the men of the seventeenth century—their own recorded consultations in times that we are accustomed to regard with veneration—their labors, trials, trouble, and peace, even unto death, and then the simple and sometimes sublime testaments which they left to their children—eloquent after two hundred years of dust and oblivion.

Mr. Trumbull's three volumes include the records of Connecticut colony from 1636 to 1690. His notes, which are brief and few, are nevertheless very valuable, and add greatly to the importance of the work. To those of our readers who are interested in historical studies we need not specially recommend these volumes, for to such the editor's name and labors are well known. He has now largely increased the debt of gratitude which the public owe him.

The author of "Allen Prescott" and "Alida" is too well known to need praise. WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Peep at the Past, a new novel from her pen, most gracefully dedicated to her grandchildren, is a feast for a summer day to any reader. Quiet, gentle, and yet full of life and spirit as a story, it will prove the agreeable companion of travel and the most cheerful company at home. The scene of the story is in New England, in the latter part of the last century. The characters are our fathers and mothers, who come of that stock, when they were younger. The movement of the drama is the life of those times, and the incident just such as speaks to the heart of the reader. Few pencils are so skillful in heart and hearty painting. The volume is one of the most readable from the press of Harper & Brothers this spring or summer.

Carter & Brothers startle us occasionally with a book which is as unexpected as would be the resurrection of some old saint in the flesh. We open the muslin covers thinking to find a book of this year of our Lord 1859, by some modern book-maker; and lo the calm old countenance of JEREMY TAYLOR stares on us from the frontispiece, and the title-page introduces us to his GREAT EXEMPLAR, the Life of Christ. Every one knows the book; every one loves it who loves the memory of the good chaplain of Charles; and it will, of course, have a hearty welcome from the religious public of all Protestant denominations, who will be glad to have a cheap edition of such sound old orthodoxy, and such quaint and delicious reading.

Fowler's ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR, abridged from his large work on the English language, and published by Harper & Brothers, is a new and interesting addition to the school-books of the day, and demands the attention of teachers. Professor Fowler's larger work has taken rank among the eminent treatises of the day. His ability to prepare a book like the one now before us is well known, and not to be doubted. A good grammar is a much desired book. This is the work of a master hand, one who writes as a scholar thoroughly convinced of his complete mastership over his subject, and the result demands and will command the admiration of teachers.

The game of chess has attracted more attention of late than in many years before. Morphy's brilliant success has made it the subject of conversation in all places and houses. Among the numerous books which this public stir has brought out, we have seen none more striking and worthy attention than Mr. Monroe's SCIENCE AND ART OF CHESS, published by Scribner. It is a simple and very clear account of the game. Its instructions are intelligible to a child, while they indicate an analytical power in the mind of the author which will commend his work to old and experienced players. The book contains a large number of interesting problems, given by way of exercise, some of which are of great celebrity among lovers of chess.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BUCHANAN NOT A CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION.

THE subjoined letter from President Buchanan has been received by the Hon. Wilson M'Candless:

"BEDFORD SPRINGS, *July* 25, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your kind note of the 19th inst., together with the leader from the *Post*. While I appreciate, as it deserves, the ability and friendship displayed in that editorial, I yet regret that it has been published. My determination not, under any circumstances, to become a candidate for re-election is final and conclusive. My best judgment and strong inclination unite in favor of this course. To cast doubts upon my predetermined purpose is calculated to impair my influence in carrying out important measures, and affords a pretext for saying that these (measures) have been dictated by a desire to be renominated. With kindest regards, etc., Respectfully your friend,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

A LETTER FROM GOVERNOR WISE.

The following letter, purporting to come from Governor Wise, has been published in the *Herald:*

"RICHMOND, *July* 13, 1859.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for yours of the 8th inst. I have apprehended all along that the Tammany Regency would carry a united delegation from New York to Charleston. For whom? Douglas, I know, is confident; but you may rely on it that Mr. Buchanan is himself a candidate for renomination, and all his patronage and power will be [illegible] disappoint Douglas and all other aspirants. Our [illegible] chance is to organize by districts, and either whip the enemy or send two delegations.

"If that is done or not done, we must still rely on a united South. A united South will depend on a united Virginia; and I pledge you that she at least shall be a unit. Virginia a unit, and persistent and firm on a sound platform of protection, to all persons of popular *versus* squatter sovereignty, she must rally to her support all the South. The South can not adopt Mr. Douglas's platform. It is a short cut to all the ends of black republicanism. He then will kick up his heels. If he does or don't he can't be nominated, and the main argument against his nomination is that he can't be elected if nominated. If he runs an independent candidate, and Seward runs, and I am nominated at Charleston, I can beat them both. Or, if squatter sovereignty is a plank of the platform at Charleston, and Douglas is nominated, the South will run an independent candidate on protection principles, and run the election into the House. Where, then, would Mr. Douglas be? The lowest candidate on the list. If I have the popular strength, you suppose it will itself fix the nomination. Get that, and I am confident of success.

"Hon. F. Wood is professedly and really, I believe, a friend, and of course I would, in good faith, be glad of his influence, and would do nothing to impair it, and could not justly reject his kind aid; but you may rely upon it that I am neither completely nor at all in the hands of Mr. Wood, or of any other man who breathes. He has always been friendly to me, and I am to him, but always on fair and independent terms. There is nothing in our relations which should keep aloof any friend of either. He knows as well as any one can tell him that his main influence is in the city of New York, and I judge what you say of his country influence is correct. But I am counting all the time without New York, and don't fear the result. I am depending solely upon open position of principle, independent of all cliques, and defying all comers. We will overwhelm opposition in Virginia, and her vote will be conservative and national.

"At all events, I shall always be glad to hear from you, and am yours truly, HENRY A. WISE."

DEATH OF A NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE.

We read in the *Times:* "A conspicuous citizen of New York, whose face was better known on the Boulevards than on Broadway, and whose life, were it at all becoming to write it fully here, would be a most curious picture of the history and progress of American society for the last forty years—Mr. Herman Thorn, commonly called Colonel Thorn—died last week at his house in Sixteenth Street. Mr. Thorn had reached the age of 78 years, and although he had survived several of his children grown to manhood and womanhood, leaves behind him a family consisting of eight daughters and one son, to whom, with his widow, his handsome property passes. Three of Mr. Thorn's daughters were married to Frenchmen of rank; and one of them, Madame de Pierres, is at this time a *dame d'honneur* of the Empress of the French. Her portrait makes one of the bevy of stately beauties gathered by Winterhalter's skillful pencil about the tall and graceful figure of the lovely Eugénie, in that admirable picture of an Arcadian court now become familiar to our print-shops and our parlors."

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A terrible accident occurred on the Northern Railroad, near Schaghticoke, on Tuesday night. The down train, due in Albany at 7.25 P.M., while passing over the bridge which spans the Tomhannock, was precipitated into the creek below, a distance of twenty to twenty-five feet. The water was about six to eight feet deep. Nine persons are reported to have been killed. The accident took place about one mile from the village of Schaghticoke. The moment the train struck the bridge the structure gave way. The locomotive, however, got across, and became detached from the tender, which went down, and the baggage and two passenger cars followed. The first passenger car went down on the tender, and the second passenger car ran into and keeled it over. Most of the dead and wounded were brought to Albany, and a coroner's inquest was immediately commenced, at which it transpired, in the evidence of the engineer and others, that the bridge has for some time been considered an unsafe structure.

ADVERTISING FOR A MINISTER.

This is quite common in England, and some of the published wants, in the clerical line, are rather unique in their way. We observe by the *Christian Witness*, the Episcopal paper of this diocese, that a parish in Vermont have adopted the English custom of procuring a rector:

"TO THE CLERGY—WANTED—A faithful, talented, and zealous minister for the new parish of Trinity Church, St. Johnsbury, in the diocese of Vermont. Whose salary (exclusive of donations) would not be less than $500 or $550 per annum, equivalent to $1200 or $1500 in New York or Boston. The village of St. Johnsbury is one of the first class in beauty of location, and what is of much greater importance, in the high character of its inhabitants for sterling worth, for moral habits, and for general intelligence. There are few places where an able and zealous clergyman could find a better field of labor or a fairer prospect of success. Address Dr. I. D. Kilbourne, St. Johnsbury, or the Bishop of the Diocese of Burlington."

AN INDIGNANT BRIDE.

The Newark *Mercury* says: "A few days since a couple of the descendants of Ham, male and female, entered the office of Justice Grover, and the male ebony expressed his business in the following manner: 'Squire, I want to get better acquainted with this woman. We've come to be spliced.' The Justice performed the ceremony for them, when the bridegroom asked—'What's the charge?' The Squire replied that there was no regular charge; persons generally gave what they chose. Othello then turned to his dusky bride and said, 'Give the Squire a dollar.' The lady fumbled about her pockets and finally pulled out a roll of pennies and some silver, making fifty cents in all, and handed it to the Squire, saying that she had intended to give him a dollar, but as he had omitted an important part of the ceremony she thought fifty cents was enough. The Justice asked to know what omission he had made, and was informed that he had 'not kissed the bride.' This raised a considerable laugh at the Squire's expense, but he appeared perfectly willing to lose the other 'half' by not correcting the omission."

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* says, that the Señor O., whose approaching nuptials have been alluded to in the papers, is "no less a person than Esteban St. Cruz Ovieda, of Cuba, and the fair American is Miss Fanny Bartlett, daughter of Captain Bartlett of Maine, late of the United States Navy. The gentleman is one of the richest residents of the sunny island, reputed to be worth about $4,000,000. He owns two large sugar plantations, worked by some 2100 negroes, and a large number of houses and lots in the city of Havana. Many of our readers who have wintered in Washington will doubtless recollect the fairy form, winning face, charming manners, and delightful conversational powers of Miss Bartlett (still in her 'teens'), eminent among the crowd of belles who flutter in the gay *salons* of the Federal metropolis. The millionaire Señor has been, of late years, a frequent visitor to this city and to the fashionable watering-places North, and it is quite unnecessary, in this match-making world, to say that he has been an especial favorite with ambitious mammas belonging to the real and accredited 'upper ten.' But the 'hour and the woman' had not come for the Señor until last New-Year's Day, when he met the fair heroine of this true tale, and surrendered at discretion. The preparations for the wedding are quite Oriental in their magnificence, and would have delighted the gorgeous author of *Vathek*, whose gem-dropping pen could alone do justice to them. What say you to $600,000 worth of jewelry to begin with? But the lavish outlay of the bridegroom does not stop here. The most cunning artificers of Paris are now at work upon the bridal jewels and decorations, which will cost another hundred thousand, and among which is a wreath of emerald leaves, diamonds, and sapphire flowers, destined to bind upon the queenly head a thousand-dollar nuptial vail. But I will not task your imagination by dwelling further upon these dazzling particulars. The wedding will take place about the middle of August—first in Grace Church, to suit the Protestant inclinations of the bride and her family, and afterward at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The happy couple will forego the usual foreign tour, and settle down at once in a palatial residence in Fourteenth Street, where a series of brilliant receptions will inaugurate the honey-moon. I had forgotten to say, and will now add by way of winding up the paragraph, that a sister of the bridegroom testifies her cordial appreciation of her brother's choice by sending on a little bridal present worth $100,000 to her future sister-in-law."

PERSONAL.

Among the passengers who arrived in the last trip of the steamship *Northern Light* from Aspinwall, were General Lamar, United States Minister to Nicaragua, Mr. Wells, Secretary to General Lamar, Manuel M. Malarino, ex-President of New Granada, John S. Stephenson, bearer of dispatches from Chili Legation, Charles S. E. Jones, bearer of dispatches from New Granada Legation.

Mr. Raymond writes from Paris to the *Times* on the 14th of July, "Theodore Parker has gone to Switzerland, and Mr. Sumner to England. Governor Seward is in Russia. Mr. Bigelow of the *Evening Post* starts to-day for Switzerland and Germany with his family."

The Hon. William B. Reed, our late Minister to China, is at present seriously ill at his residence, Chestnut Hill.

The Montreal *Transcript* notices the death, on the 20th inst., at Wolfe Island, of George Leith, aged one hundred years and seven months. The deceased was a pensioner, having served forty years in H. M. Navy, and having been at the battle of Copenhagen, and in subsequent actions at sea. On the 5th inst. he was in that city, and received his pension, walked three miles and a half, from the landing to his residence, in one hour; and on the day he died he was hoeing in his garden, being apparently in perfect health. He had three wives, by whom he had seven children. He died while sitting in his chair.

Punch animadverts upon the horrid state of the Serpentine, by the picture of a daring swell on horseback, with his nasal organs protected from the atmosphere by a pair of self-acting American clips (which take the place of clothes-pins). Daring swell apologizes to a young lady for his singular appearance as follows: "Do, they are dot becobidg, perhaps; but pod by life, wud bust hold wud's dose sobehow in this codfoulded effluvium."

The San Francisco Fourth-of-July orator, Mr. John V, Watson, wound up in the following "thrilling style:"

"But if the time shall unhappily come when this mighty fabric shall yield to the parricidal attacks of civil discord, I pray God that its fate may be oblivion, that no wreck or vestige of its existence may remain to attest its former greatness or incite the story of its fall. Let the Atlantic and the Pacific meet in a mournful embrace over its ruins, and their commingled waves sing its requiem."

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* says that Blondin has returned to Niagara Falls, and is now making preparations for another walk upon his rope across the Niagara River on Wednesday next. On this trial he will make a fast walk, and will attempt to show that he can cross quicker upon the rope than a man can row a boat at the ferry above, though the rope is the longer route of the two. "He will also perform the feat of standing upon his head on the rope, midway between the shores."

An "Italian wife," who begged for a living in Cincinnati, recently ran off with another man, because his "professional skill" in the art of begging was greater than her husband's. She took about $1000 with her. The husband expresses profound regret, as she was one of the best beggars he ever saw in Europe or America.

Mr. Bannister made a balloon ascension on Thursday last at Detroit. The admittance fees to the inclosure were for the benefit of Miss Thurston, daughter of the late aeronaut, but the benefit was slim. The ascension was in every way successful, and all was done as promised except that the lady who intended to go up with Mr. Bannister was compelled to leave the car, the buoyancy of the balloon not being great enough to carry up two persons.

As Bishop M'Closky and two priests in company with him were on their way to Port Kent, on Monday morning, the 25th ult., one of the forward wheels of the carriage in which they were riding came off, and the horses becoming frightened, the carriage was upset and smashed to pieces. The Bishop and his friends fortunately escaped with a few slight scratches. Mr. Tufts, stage proprietor, was driving, and he says it is most astonishing that in such a smash all should have escaped without material injury. The first that Mr. Tufts saw of his passengers after being thrown himself from his seat was the Bishop and his friends crawling out from the wreck of the carriage, that lay bottom side up in the ditch. Mr. Tufts speaks in high terms of the presence of mind manifested by the Bishop and his friends, and of their good humor and gentlemanly bearing after the accident.

Commander R. Semmes, Secretary of the Light-house Board, has left Washington on a brief tour of inspection on the eastern coast, extending from Boston to Calais.

Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, has returned to Washington from his Northern trip, and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was to have left England for home on the 13th of August, will remain there until October.

A foreign correspondent of a Boston journal says that the Hon. Charles Sumner intends to return to America early in November.

A few days ago, says the Buffalo *Commercial*, one of our eloquent city divines perpetrated a *bon mot* in his sermon which not a few took, among them a prominent railroad man. He was preaching upon repentance, "and," said he, "when the tears of repentance are flowing, substantial proofs of a regenerated life are expected. Only the tears of a deep penitence can wash away the sins of life; for, I tell you, *the heavy freight must go by water!*"

Mr. Benjamin Lindsay, editor of the New-Bedford *Mercury*, in consequence of his horse taking fright and the carriage coming in contact with another vehicle, was thrown violently into the street yesterday afternoon, and sustained a severe cut on his head, broke one of his hip bones, and was otherwise injured. Several weeks will ensue before he will be able to resume his professional duties.

Mrs. Rhoda Douglas, of Freetown, Massachusetts, entered her one hundredth year last month. She was left a widow in her fifty-ninth year, and has remained such for forty years.

Mr. Walworth, a wealthy planter of Arkansas, who is one of the old *habitués* of Saratoga, has made a will in which he bequeaths $50,000 to the State of New York toward founding a hospital for the blind; if the State should refuse to accept it, it is to go to the State of Michigan; and if not accepted by Michigan, it is to go to Ohio. Mr. Walworth is himself blind.

The Newport correspondent of the Providence *Evening Press*, in a letter dated August 1, says: "On Saturday last there was an extraordinary fluttering among the fashionables upon learning that the beautiful and gifted Cora de Wilhorst had been compelled to apply for the intervention of the police to terminate certain maltreatment to which she had been subjected by her husband—the so-called Count."

Hon. Henry Wilson, Massachusetts United States Senator, has been chosen Captain of the Natick Guard, a military organization of his native town.

The Captain of the bark *Maurice*, who saved so many passengers from the burning steamship *Austria*, has been invested with the order of the Red Eagle by the Prince Regent of Prussia.

We are assured that a paragraph copied by us from an exchange, in reference to the recent execution of John Cobb at Atlanta, Georgia, was erroneous. A correspondent gives the following details of the story, for the truth of which he vouches:

"John Cobb was hung on the 8th day of July for murdering an old man by the name of Landrum, an honest cattle drover. He was aided in the perpetration of the crime by two other young desperadoes by the name of Crockett and Jones. They killed the old man for his money, as he had just sold a drove of cattle. Crockett confessed the crime, and was hung over a year ago. Jones is still in jail awaiting his trial, as he has succeeded in continuing his case several terms. Cobb was convicted last year, but delayed his execution by carrying his case to the Supreme Court. There never was a 'Governor Ellis' in Georgia, nor did Joseph E. Brown, who is present Governor, or any other Governor, have any thing to do with the matter; neither was there any feeling in favor of any of these young highwaymen. The public feeling was all the other way. Again, young Cobb's sisters (and he has several) are above reproach in Atlanta, but the young man from boyhood up has been an ungovernable and vicious fellow. Finally, Mr. Editors, let me assure you that in Georgia no man *can* be hung for killing the 'seducer of his sister,' be he poor or wealthy. Seduction is a crime of *very* rare occurrence there, and when it does occur let the seducer beware."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE LATE WAR.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

A LETTER from Villafranca, of the 11th, contains some interesting particulars concerning the interview between the two Emperors:

"The meeting of the two sovereigns was fixed for nine o'clock. At a quarter of an hour before, Napoleon III. arrived at the spot, and he came before the time in order that he might go on for a short distance to meet the Emperor of Austria. Francis-Joseph soon made his appearance, and seeing that his late adversary had courteously come to receive him, urged forward his horse. When the two parties had come near, the escorts stopped short, and the Emperors advanced into the centre of the unoccupied space. The escort of the Emperor Napoleon was composed of Marshal Vaillant, General Martimprey, General Fleury, the officers of the Imperial household, and of his staff, and of a squadron of the Cent Gardes, and one of the Guides, all in their splendid, full-dress uniforms. His Majesty rode the fine bay horse which he has used since the commencement of the campaign. He wore the undress uniform of a general of division, with the kepi. The Emperor of Austria also wore an undress cap, and blue uniform frock coat, and was followed by his staff, a squadron of his body-guard, composed of nobles, and a squadron of Hulans. It is said that he was struck with the martial bearing of the French cavalry, and that in presence of the Cent Gardes and the Guides the Austrian body-guard and the Uhlans did not appear to advantage. On the two sovereigns meeting in the mid-space they courteously saluted and shook hands. The Emperor of Austria appeared pleased with the cordial welcome and open manner of the Emperor Napoleon. The two Emperors remained for a moment alone in the middle of the road and exchanged a few words. They then reciprocally presented the officers of their staffs; and the moment after the several officers were intermingled, and Marshal Vaillant was seen in conversation with Baron de Hess.

THE CONVERSATION AT VILLAFRANCA.

"Napoleon III. and the Emperor Francis-Joseph then advanced side by side toward Villafranca, the Cent Gardes giving the precedence to the body-guard of Austria, who led the way, but the Guides passing before the Uhlans. At Villafranca the house of M. Carlo Morelli, situated in the principal street of the town, had been prepared to receive the two sovereigns. The Emperor of Austria had passed a night there before the battle of Solferino. It is a habitation comfortable, but simple, and not remarkable for any extraordinary attraction. The furniture and curtains were green, and the walls painted in distemper. There were several seats of various kinds, but only two arm-chairs. In the centre was an oblong table covered with a green cloth, and on it was placed a vase of freshly gathered flowers, which quite perfumed the room. It was there that for upward of an hour and a half the two Emperors were seated discussing the highest interests, and without any one being present. From a feeling of delicacy the King of Piedmont was not invited to the interview. While the interview was going on I was outside in the street, whence I could see the escorts, some remaining seated on their horses while others had dismounted. But not the slightest sound was heard; every kind of conversation was suspended; all seemed dominated involuntarily by a certain emotion produced by the importance of the incident which was passing. As to what took place inside I can not say any thing; all that I know is, that when the two sovereigns issued forth from the conference they seemed both perfectly satisfied. The word to mount was then given, and in an instant all were in the saddle. The Emperor of Austria uttered a few words expressive of the admiration he felt for the French army, and did Marshal Vaillant and Generals Martimprey and Fleury the honor of shaking hands with them. The two sovereigns then took leave of each other with the greatest cordiality; and the next moment each splendid *cortége* was on the way back to the place from which it had started. The Emperor of the French entered Valeggio a little after eleven."

NAPOLEON PULLS FLOWERS TO PIECES.

Another writer says: "When the sovereigns were about to enter the house the Noble Guards were ranged on the right in the vestibule, and the Cent Gardes on the left. The Emperor Francis-Joseph insisted on the Emperor Napoleon entering first. The Emperor invited Francis-Joseph to breakfast, but the latter begged to be excused, as he had breakfasted before setting out. The two Emperors then entered the sitting-room alone. Their Majesties sat down at opposite sides of the table. The Emperor Napoleon laid on the table a few cigarettes in an envelope, and offered one to the young sovereign, who declined it. Although no third person heard a word of what passed at this interview, I can state that they conversed sometimes in Italian, but more frequently in German; not a word was written down. During the conversation the Emperor Napoleon, as if mechanically, picked to pieces some of the flowers placed in a vase before him. On issuing from the house the Emperor Napoleon conversed an instant with Baron Hess, while Francis-Joseph spoke with Marshal Vaillant."

HOW THE ARMISTICE WAS OBTAINED.

The Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* writes as follows:

"As you are aware, the diplomatic world is persuaded that there are some secret combinations between the Emperor of the French and Francis-Joseph. I can neither deny nor affirm such rumors; but what is certain is, that for two days the Emperor had appeared to be absorbed in thought. He had received numerous dispatches from Germany, and it was clearly seen that some secret working was going on in his mind.

"Among the attendants of the Emperor, and at head-quarters, there was an expectation of some bold move upon Verona, when upon leaving table (the day has not been told me), about seven in the evening, the Emperor sent for General Fleury. 'My dear General,' he said to him, in the presence of the King of Sardinia, who looked very anxious, but who, nevertheless, shortly after, approved with a wave of his hand and a nod the Emperor's words, 'I want at this moment a military diplomatist. I want a man who is mild, conciliatory, and amiable. I have thought of you. Here is a letter I am now addressing to the Emperor of Austria; you will take it to Verona. Read it; make yourself master of its tendency. I ask for a truce; it is necessary that the Emperor Francis-Joseph should accept it. I depend on your intelligence to develop the ideas the germs of which are in this letter.'

"Thereupon he gave him a few explanations, which received the King of Piedmont's approval.

FRANCIS-JOSEPH CONSENTS.

"The General took a carriage, and, accompanied by M. Verriere, his aid-de-camp, set out for Verona. Although the distance was not great, the difficulties in getting to the outposts were extreme. General Fleury did not enter Verona before half past ten at night. The Emperor of Austria was in bed and sound asleep, but when it was mentioned to his aid-de-camp on duty that General Fleury had brought a letter from the Emperor of the French, they woke up the Emperor. He dressed in haste, and then General Fleury was introduced. On reading Napoleon's letter, surprise and emotion were depicted on his Majesty's countenance.

"'Your communication is a very serious one,' said he, 'and I require reflection. Remain here till to-morrow morning; by eight o'clock I will give you the answer.' 'I am at your Majesty's orders,' replied General Fleury; 'nevertheless, I crave permission to submit a few matters for your consideration, which will explain to your Majesty the step taken by the Emperor.' General Fleury now entered at length on the reasons which should induce the Emperor Francis-Joseph to accept the proposition made to him; the proximity of the two armies rendering a conflict imminent; the mediation that would arrive too late; and the formidable attack preparing against Venice. 'The considerations you hold out to me are weighty,' replied Francis-Joseph; 'I will think of them, and to-morrow morning you shall have my answer.' He ordered his Grand Equerry to vacate his apartment for General Fleury. At eight o'clock the General was introduced; the Emperor of Austria had another long conversation with him, and finally handed him the answer. Three hours later the General had returned and was with the Emperor.

"Owing to these communications an interview took place between Marshal Vaillant and General Hess."

SARDINIAN ORDER OF THE DAY.

The following is a translation of the order of the day addressed by the King of Sardinia to his army on the establishment of peace, and dated Monzambano, July 12:

"SOLDIERS,—After two months of war, we have arrived as conquerors on the banks of the Mincio. United with our courageous allies, we have triumphed every where.

"Your courage, your discipline, and your perseverance have excited the admiration of all Europe. The name of 'Italian soldier' is in every mouth.

"I, who have had the glory of commanding you, have been enabled to appreciate all that has been heroic and sublime in your conduct during the course of this war. It is needless, soldiers, to repeat that you have acquired the grandest titles to my gratitude and that of your country. Important affairs of state call me to the capital. I confide the command of the army to the worthy and brave General la Marmora, who has shared with us the dangers and the victories of this campaign. Now I announce to you peace; but if ever, in the future, the honor of our country should recall us to the combat, you will find me ready to command you, well assured that we shall march again to victory."

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

We read in *Le Nord* of July 21: "Preparations are making for the carrying out of the convention of Villafranca. Count Esterhazy is sent to Paris by the Cabinet of Vienna in order to arrive at a preliminary understanding upon the points left undecided. The Italian duchies are equally preparing to plead their cause with the great Courts. The Tuscan Government, among others, has sent the Cavaliere Peruzzi upon a special mission to the Emperor Napoleon. At Modena a registration has been opened to collect voices. At Florence the Provisional Government has put the electoral law in force, and is preparing to convoke a constituent assembly which shall decide the governmental question. Forced restoration by the aid of foreign bayonets has become impossible in these countries, and in presence of the agitation which reigns throughout Central Italy the arbitration of a Congress can alone prevent lamentable explosions. We learn also that M. Mateucci has been sent on a special mission from Tuscany to London. All men here whose opinion is worth any thing agree as to the increasing difficulties of the Italian question. 'How,' it is asked, 'can our bayonets be turned against the very people for whom we have been shedding our blood like water? Will our gallant soldiers follow, or will their officers lead them on in such a monstrous cause as that of the twin Dukes of Tuscany and Modena?' And yet, to judge from present appearances, to that state of things are we coming. It is quite clear that the return of these Dukes will be resisted by force. At Leghorn M. Biscossi, the Governor, only succeeded in dispersing a riotous assembly by undertaking, upon his own responsibility, that the Grand Ducal family should never set foot again in Tuscany. A Congress, if such can be assembled, appears the only mode of coming to any thing like a settlement of the question. We know not what are the advances said to have been made either to or by the English Government on this question; but if, consistently with her dignity, England can consent to appear in Congress, now is the time when her voice may be heard to advantage in behalf of Italy."

THE CONFERENCE AT ZURICH.

A telegram from Paris assures us that France will be represented by M. de Bourqueney, and Austria by Count Colloredo, at the approaching conferences at Zurich, but that the name of the Sardinian representative is yet unknown. The most common opinion in Paris seems to be that no European Congress will be convoked. The Emperor Louis Napoleon is said to be very desirous that a Congress should meet, but Austria is decidedly averse to the project, and it appears to be generally believed that neither England nor Prussia has any wish to take part in a Congress for the purpose of ratifying the decisions of the French and Austrian Emperors, while nothing seems to be even conjectured respecting the disposition of Russia.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says: "The Imperial Government of France will, I have reason to believe, invite formally the great Powers to meet at a Conference, to take into consideration the arrangements necessary for carrying out the conditions of the treaty of peace. Communications are now taking place between Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, to accomplish this object. The French army will remain in Italy."

THE WHEREABOUTS OF KOSSUTH.

Mr. John M'Adam, of Glasgow, writes, on the 21st ult., to the *North British Daily Mail*: "This morning I have received very late and trust-worthy intelligence from M. Kossuth. Particulars I am not yet at liberty to communicate; however, for the satisfaction of his numerous friends I may state, that after his betrayal he remained only long enough to save as many of his revolted countrymen from harm as he could, and to prevent any further present hopeless insurrection. He then retired into Switzerland, where he was joined by Madame Kossuth three days ago; and it is uncertain whether he may not be obliged to remain for some weeks before he returns to England."

A letter from Florence states that MM. Kossuth, Klapka, and Teleki, who had constituted themselves in that city as a Hungarian Committee, have separated, renouncing all projects of political action.

HIS LAST LETTER.

The subjoined letter has been forwarded to the Leeds *Mercury* by Mr. Alderman Mitchell, of Bradford, a gentleman on intimate terms of friendship with M. Kossuth. It was written while in Paris, before the distinguished exile's departure for Italy:

"PARIS, *June* 17, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The generous country where I rested my tempest-tossed head for many long years lies behind me, and outward-bound is my small craft on the stormy sea, with nothing safe but my determination, which nothing can shake—that happen what may to me personally, either my country will be free, or else I shall know to preserve her from immolating herself in vain.

"I may become a victim, my nation will not become one. I may be instrumental in calling her forth to reawakening life. Can I not do this safely, I shall take care to preserve her future uncompromised.

"Revolving in my mind all the noble delicate friendship, all the consolations of sympathy, which I was allowed to enjoy in your country from many friends—from none more than from you—emotions throng upon me too strong to allow of words. By the Eternal, I feel myself as much a man as any mortal on earth; yet, while I write, a tear trembles on my whimpers, and I feel not ashamed of it.

"It is a tribute of a grateful heart for benefits received. It is an offering that accompanies my silent but fervent invocation of the choicest blessings of God upon your country, your house, yourself, and upon all those of your people, whose kindness and sympathy poured the smallest drop of consolation into the wounds of my adversity.

"If I succeed, I hope to see you, and many of you, in my own home; and no brother ever has greeted a brother with a heartier welcome than I and my people will greet you, or any of you.

"If I fall, you will say that I have fallen on duty's path.

"If I am spared, but fail, I may see England again. Then, however, it will be a broken, useless reed, that is cast on your shores, and few will be the days which it will be able to bear before it rots.

"'Come weal, come woe,' the will of Him above be done.

"Farewell! farewell! ever yours truly,

"KOSSUTH."

GARIBALDI GIVES IN HIS ADHESION.

A letter from Milan of the 15th ult., in the *Nord* of Brussels, says: "I am able to communicate to you some details relative to Garibaldi and his *corps d'armée*. You may readily imagine that the conclusion of peace had excited some apprehension as to the conduct which that corps would pursue. I have always thought that the soldiers of Garibaldi would stifle the grief which the separation of Venetia must have excited in their ardent minds, and that they would respect military discipline, which has always been exemplary among them. This, in fact, is the case. On the arrival of the news of peace General Garibaldi assembled his soldiers, and, after having calmed their excitement by a noble address, he requested them to renew the oath of fidelity to the King, which they did without opposition. This conduct, which reflects honor on all concerned in it, will prove to Europe that the pretended revolutionary element in Italy fully comprehends the importance of concord. It is worthy of remark that among the volunteers of Garibaldi there are a great number of young men belonging to Venetia."

HOW THE AUSTRIAN PRISONERS LIKE THE PEACE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Many amusing anecdotes are related of the joy shown by the Austrian prisoners when they heard that peace had been declared. In one of the provincial towns, where several hundred of them are, it was hard to make them believe that such was the case; but at last they received the official notification of the fact that peace was declared. They immediately began shouting *Vive l'Empereur Napoleon*, and rushing up to the French soldiers, whose barracks they shared, they commenced shaking hands with them. A few moments after, the citizens who lined the favorite promenade, which is near the barracks, were much amused to see the soldiers in couples, French and Austrian, executing a lively dance. The inhabitants at once brought bread and wine to the soldiers, who thus had a feast after their dance. Most of the Austrian officers have applied to the Minister of War for permission to return *via* Paris to Austria; none of them wish to pass through Italy on their way home. Large numbers of the soldiers have been sent to Algeria, and it is most likely that many of them will prefer to remain in the country, as inducements will be held out to them to do so. In several cases the soldiers had been allowed to send for their families to join them in Algeria, and these will most likely wish to remain, as they escape the Austrian service."

THE IMPERIAL MOUCHARDS.

He also says: "It was curious to see the movements of the gentlemen composing the secret police of his Majesty, and more curious still to study the personages. The chief is a handsome man, about forty years of age, and is decorated with the Legion of Honor. He has a large, square-built, powerful frame, with dark hair and eyes, dark skin, and ruddy cheeks. He wears a small mustache and imperial, and, although he has a military air, might pass for a rich manufacturer, or the busy agent of some great company. Without any exaggeration, he is as shrewd a looking man as I ever saw; his small dark eyes are constantly moving from side to side, under the shade of a hat with an unfashionably broad brim; no man near the circle of his movement escapes his scrutiny. The confederates which the chief has with him here are a study on account of their multiform characters and visages. Not one of them looks like a Frenchman. One, a tall, elegant young man, with flaxen hair and mustache, would pass for a Russian or Northern German. He speaks a variety of languages. With him there sits an old farmer-looking gentleman, who, when he talks, convinces you very soon that you have fallen upon a shrewd politician and a cunning old fox, who is only in travesty in his simple costume. Then there is an enormously fat old man with gray hair, shaven close, on whose visage the finer lines have become obtuse from obesity, and whose nationality is thus obscured. He is one of the most active men of the party. Then there are two men of thirty, with pale and clean-shaven faces, except the side-whiskers, who do the Englishmen. The correspondent of the London *Times*, at this place, tells me that he addressed one of these men in perfect confidence in English, and was responded to in the same language but *with a German accent*. There are still others of these men whose gentlemanly appearance and business air would totally preclude the suspicion of their true character. Alessandre, the Corsican, wears the livery of the Emperor, with a sword and two decorations—a strange conglomeration under the insignia of a servant, however imperial."

FRANCIS-JOSEPH TO VISIT PARIS.

A Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* says, he is assured that one of the last things uttered in the now celebrated interview at Villafranca was a promise made by the Emperor of Austria to pass some days next winter at the Tuileries. The writer adds that it is rumored that the English Ministry is already demanding how long the French troops are to remain in Italy.

PRUSSIAN ORDER OF THE DAY.

The following order of the day to the army was published at Berlin on the 18th:

"At the moment when war broke out between the two neighboring great Powers, I had ordered the army to be placed in readiness for war, in order to maintain that position of power which belongs to Prussia. The change which threatened us then is over. While you were still marching to occupy positions I had ordered for you, the belligerent powers suddenly concluded peace. Your advance has shown our firm resolution to maintain our frontiers and those of Germany inviolate, whatever might be the destinies of war. You have shown the readiness I had expected from you, and have maintained in general a dignity worthy of the name of Prussia. You have made many personal sacrifices, and I express to you my full satisfaction.

"THE PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA."

SYMPATHY OF THE ITALIANS FOR THE FRENCH.

The *Times* correspondent says: "A French officer stopped a few days ago on his horse, at the door of one of the most frequented *cafés* in the Corso, and asked one of the waiters for a package of cigars. The cigars were brought, and the waiter demanded for the package the sum of four francs. There was a crowd of Italian gentlemen sitting in front of the *café*, and among the rest a certain number of the National Guard. The conversation between the officer and the waiter was overheard; the Italians knew that the ordinary price of the cigars was only two francs, and they at once remonstrated with the waiter for his attempted imposition, at the same time telling the officer that he must not pay but two francs. The waiter grew impudent, the indignation of the people increased, a crowd collected; from words they went to blows, and the enraged populace then proceeded to smash in the windows of the *café*. The owner was cited before the municipal court, and condemned to have his establishment closed for a period of eight days."

PLON-PLON AT VERONA.

A letter from Verona says: "A most amusing scene took place yesterday at the Imperial dinner. As the Emperor sat twirling his blonde mustache a tremendous tinkling of horse-bells was heard in the court-yard, and a four-horse chaise rattled in. The officer of the day hastily left the table, and returned to inform his Majesty that Prince Napoleon had arrived. As there were at dinner near the Emperor two of his brother's cousins, the Grand Dukes of Tuscany and Modena, you can fancy the consternation that was depicted on every face. The morsels on their way remained in suspense on the forks. The Emperor rose, and putting aside his napkin, proceeded into an adjoining room, where he received the Prince. A few minutes after he returned, the dinner was hastily concluded, and the guests made a general rush down the back stairs. The Dukes sent for their swords and caps, left in the room where Prince Napoleon sat, and escaped to their several homes as quickly as they could. A shell bursting in the Imperial head-quarters could not have created so much confusion. 'Plon-plon' remained several hours in Verona, and went late in the evening home to his camp and quarters."

FRANCE.

RETURN OF THE EMPEROR.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the arrival and reception of the Emperor: "The Emperor arrived this morning at St. Cloud. He reached the Lyons terminus at ten o'clock, and proceeded by the railroad round Paris (Chemin de Fer de Ceinture) to his destination. The Imperial carriage stopped at St. Cloud at a quarter past ten o'clock, and in five minutes more was at the Orleans Gate, which communicates with the Palace. His Majesty's coming had been announced at nine o'clock, and the Empress, with the Prince Imperial and the attendants, male and female, of the Palace, assembled at the entrance. The child was dressed in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, and held a crown of laurel in his hand, ready to present to his father. Numerous groups of persons waited near the same spot. When the Imperial carriage appeared it was hailed with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which rose from both sides of the railroad. The Empress, holding her son by the hand, came forward to meet the Emperor, who embraced her affectionately, and pressed the Prince repeatedly to his bosom. The persons who accompanied the Emperor were warmly saluted by the attendants, who congratulated them all on their safe return; no one, as you are aware, belonging to the military household of the Emperor fell in the campaign, with the exception of General Cotte, and he died of apoplexy. The Emperor then gave his arm to the Empress, and, taking the Prince by the hand, entered an open carriage, and, after saluting the spectators, drove to the Palace. The Emperor attended mass at twelve o'clock in the chapel attached to the residence, and received the Ministers at one o'clock."

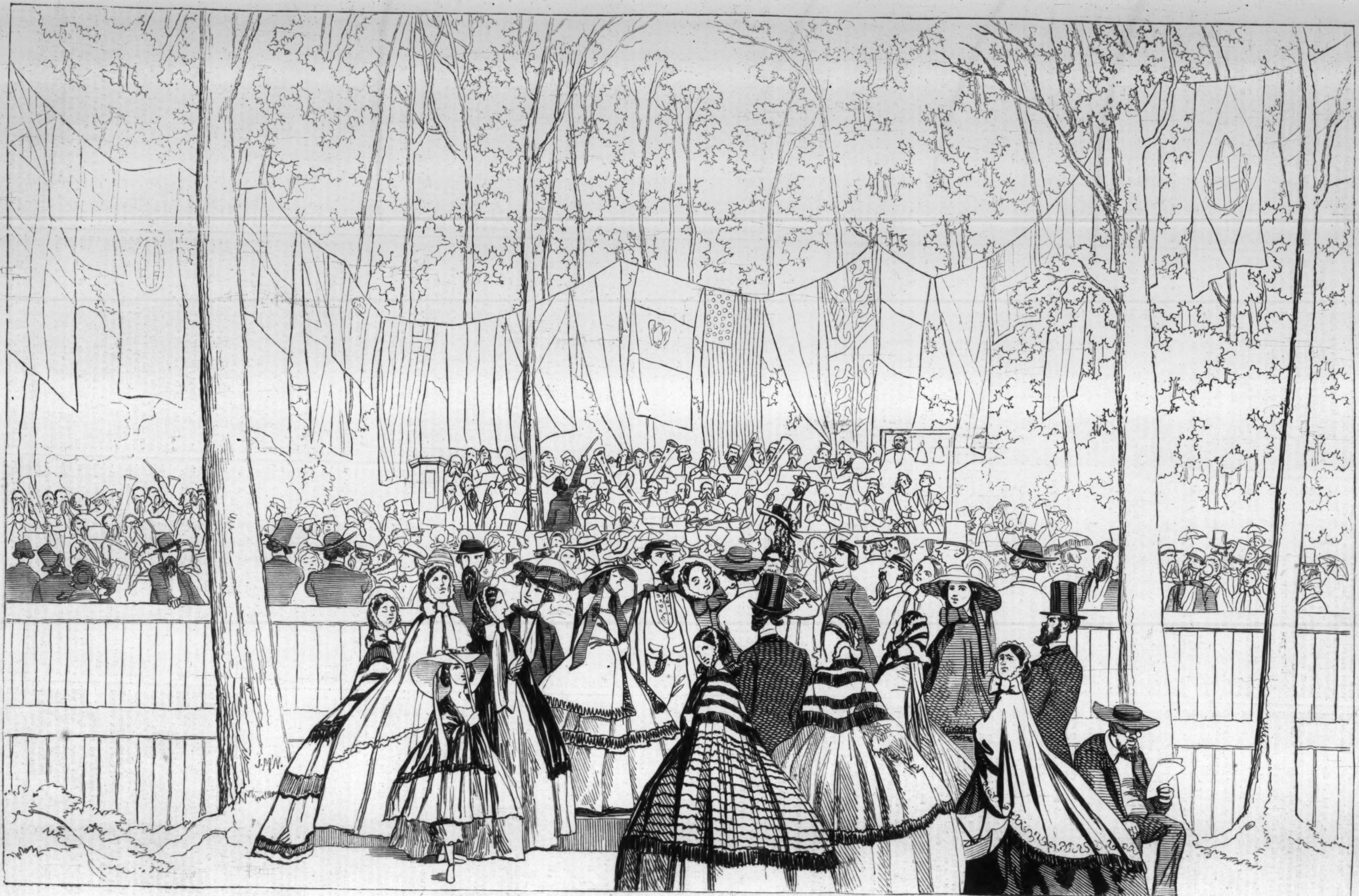
A QUEER WAGER.

A most curious wager has just come off in high life in Paris. The old Viscount de L—— has just won 3000 francs by playing at billiards for thirty-six hours without rest. The Viscount is seventy-two years of age; his adversary, the Marquis de C——, a much younger man. The conditions included eating and drinking, but always to take place standing. At the end of twelve hours the Marquis gave in, and asked leave to continue with some game to be played sitting. This was acceded to by the Viscount, and piquet was fixed upon. For twelve hours more the game was kept up, when M. de C—— fell asleep, and the Viscount was declared the winner.

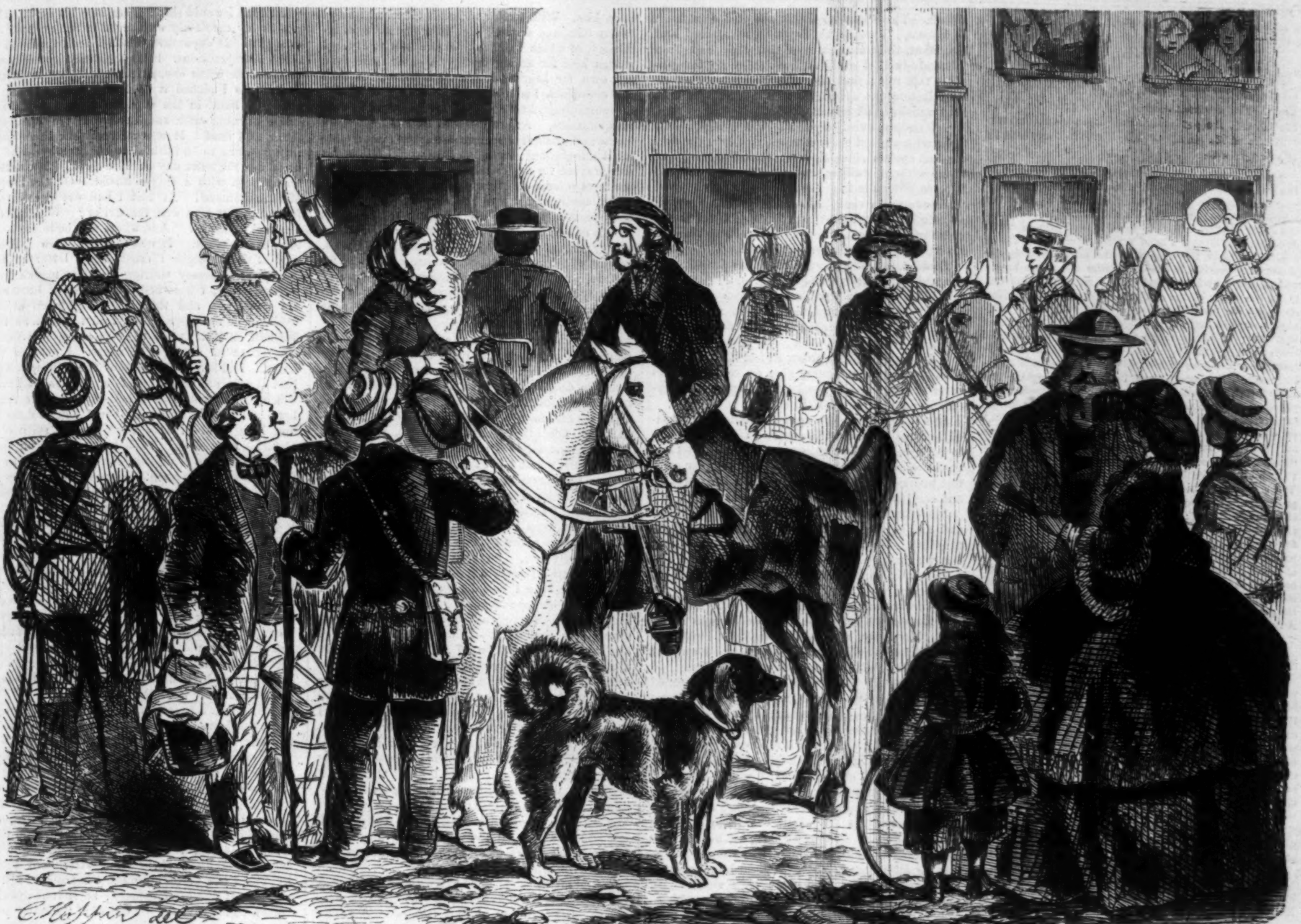
PORTUGAL.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

The Lisbon correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on the 17th, says: "The death of the young and beautiful Stephanie, Queen of Portugal, which took place this evening at 8 P.M., has plunged the capital into grief, and expressions of unfeigned sympathy and regret are heard every where; in the streets and coffee-houses nothing else is talked of, for the young Queen, by the simplicity of her manners, her unobtrusive piety, and her great charity, had won the hearts of all classes from the noble to the cottager. We all remember how she passed along the streets but twelve months ago, a blooming bride, how her gentle and winning ways immediately gained for her the affections of the people, and softened and altered the gloomy and moody habits of the King. The Queen's illness commenced on Monday last, when her Majesty accompanied the King to Vendas Novas to inspect the proving of a new rifled cannon. The day was burning hot, and on the sands there was little or no shade. Shortly after returning home her Majesty complained of an indisposition, which at first was considered to be the result of a slight sun-stroke, but which at last was recognized as diptheria. The fatal disease ran its course despite the able attendance of Dr. Gomez and the Baron da Silva, who tried every means known to the medical art to save the royal sufferer. Yesterday morning, I believe, dangerous symptoms set in, and slight mortification appeared in the throat. At this juncture Dr. Simas, of the Misericordia, who has a high reputation for the treatment of this class of complaints, was called in, but he at once gave up the case as hopeless. Toward evening it became known about the palace, and was reported out of doors that the Queen could not escape. As a last resource, however, an operation commonly had recourse to in desperate cases was performed on the throat by the eminent surgeon Barboza; but it was of no avail, and shortly after 8 P.M. the Queen expired. The confessor of her Majesty, the Rev. Joseph Ilsley, President of the English College, was in attendance, and administered the consolations of religion and the last rites of the Church. The bed was surrounded by the sorrowing King and the royal family, to all of whom the Queen had endeared herself as much as if her relationship with them had been lifelong. Sorrow is universal, and the English Court will mourn the royal lady, whose grace and beauty won the admiration of all the parties given in her honor before she came to this country."



THE "BATTLE OF MAGENTA" AT JONES'S WOOD, NEW YORK.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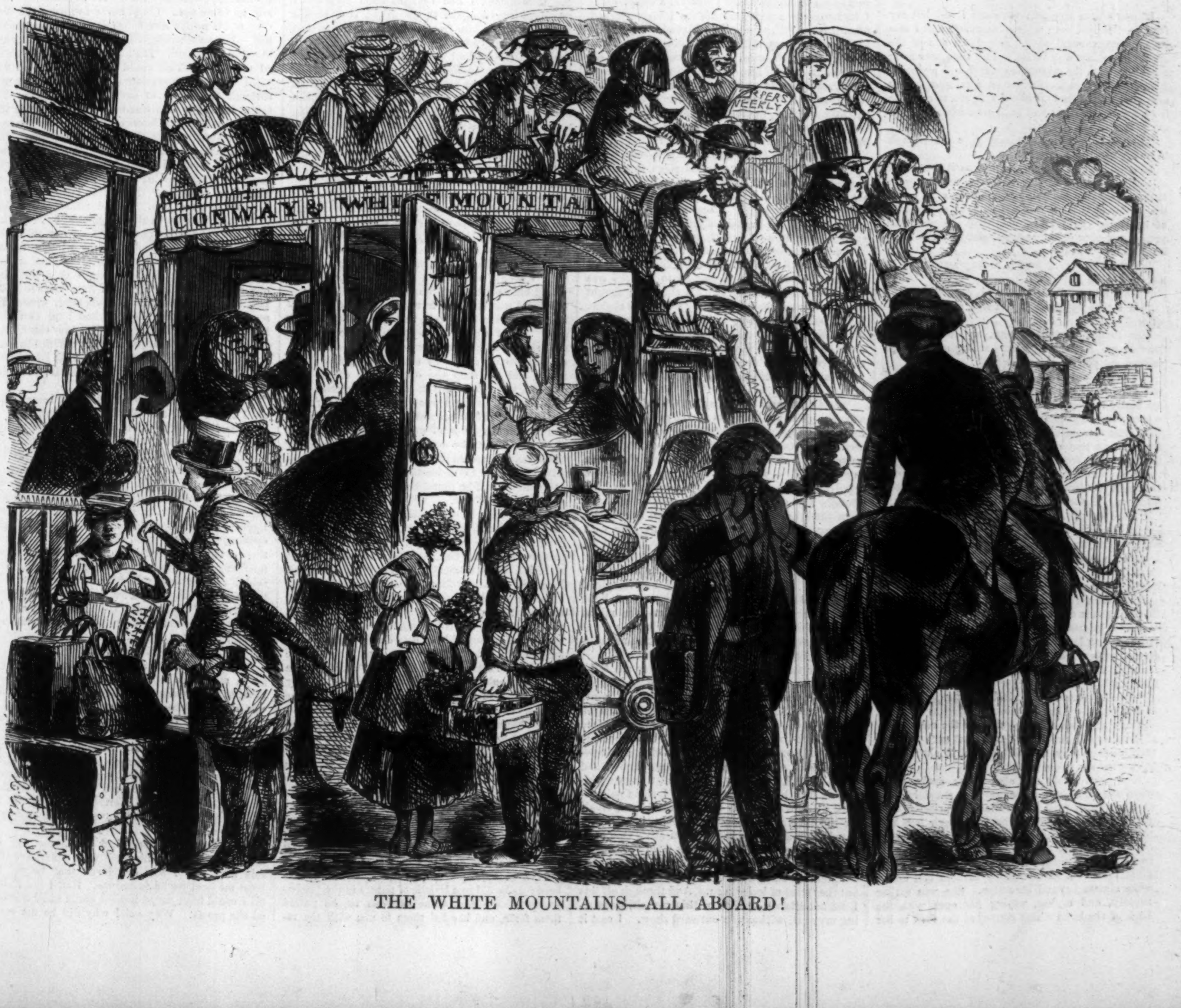
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—THE RIDE.


CONWAY'S WHITE MOUNTA
HARPER'S WEEKLY

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—ALL ABOARD!

THE "BATTLE OF MAGENTA" AT JONES'S WOOD.

We engrave on page 520 a scene at a recent musical festival at Jones's Wood, in the city of New York. The moment selected by the artist for illustration was the performance of a piece entitled the "Battle of Magenta," which was thus described in the programme:

> "It is midnight—the allied armies are bivouacked on the battle-field—while by the distant watch-fires the outposts eagerly seek to penetrate the vail of night which surrounds them; the bell tolls the midnight hour, and the weary soldier, who may never sleep again, seeks in dreamy forgetfulness a brief respite from his cares—he dreams of home, the cottage by the mountain-side, the pleasant vineyard, his wife and little one. But hark! what means that hoarse and distant murmur which disturbs the quiet of the night? Why those straggling shots and the far-off booming of artillery? It is a midnight reconnaissance of the enemy in force. The drums beat the rappel, the bugle sounds, the shrill trumpet brays forth its wild alarm, and in a moment the camp is broken up, and each man clutches his weapon and feverishly awaits the coming and inevitable struggle. The allies form their battle lines; but there is a momentary pause, as the swaying phalanx, falling on their knees, in prayer seek aid and comfort of the 'God of Battles,' on whom alone depends the victory. Again the fierce rolling of the drums, the crashing of the artillery, and the sharp crack of the rifle are heard as the Italian and French allies advance in battle-array to meet the enemy. The contest now becomes fast and furious; each foot of ground is fiercely contested, as the deadly struggle is obstinately continued; but a panic seizes the opposing host, and, beaten back, they seek safety in flight, while the dead and dying of both armies encumber the field, as human sacrifices to the demon of war. The various bands of the allied regiments now unite in the march of victory as the conquerors enter Milan, amidst the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the general rejoicings of the people, whom the victors have freed from the hated Austrian yoke."

The *Herald* reporter thus described the scene depicted by our artist:

> "The platform for the musicians was located on a wooded hillock a few rods west of the hotel, the platform being built around the trees, which seemed to spring up like pillars through the flooring, supporting verdant arches of boughs and leaves. There were gay festoons, composed of the flags of all nations, surrounding the platform, and waving picturesquely among the foliage. One end of the platform was set apart for the musicians, fifty or sixty in number, and their instruments and music stands, which required abundance of room. The crowd was exceedingly cosmopolitan in its character; although the Teutonic race predominated, there were Irish, English, French, Spanish, Italians, and perhaps half a dozen other nationalities fully represented.
>
> "The main entrance from the landward was besieged by an immense throng, which kept the gate-keepers constantly busy selling tickets at a quarter a piece and collecting them again."

A COMMON CASE.

It was scarce five minutes since I had left my friends. It had been a pleasant party, and I was in a pleasant mood as I came down one of the Avenues on my way home. The time was after midnight, and the night was warm and pleasant. I was not hurrying. Rather on a saunter, I may say, sufficiently slow to allow a figure to start up from a stoop where it had been crouching, and bar my progress.

"Gentleman, will you please give me enough to buy something to eat?"

I could look at the figure now as it stood full in the gas-light. It was a woman, covered with rags and squalor, bloated and bonnetless. I could see, as far as the swollen and bruised appearance of her face would allow me, that she was still young, not over thirty at most, and had once been handsome. I said,

"You do not want money to buy something to eat?"

"I am hungry," she answered, doggedly.

"If I give you money you will spend it in liquor."

She turned partially away, as though about leaving me, and then, perhaps seeing my hand go toward my pocket, she came back.

"You are only like all the rest. Why must I tell you that I am hungry, and repeat it, when I am really starving? If you doubt me, why not go where you can give me food, and watch that I eat? Will you see me starve here in the streets, and feel content to-morrow with your sophistical answer that you are afraid I will spend it in liquor?"

There was something in the woman's speech that told me directly that she had once held good position. Before I could answer she said again,

"I am hungry. How many more times shall I say it to convince you? And yet, perhaps, if you were to give me money, I *should* spend it in liquor. I have no power to resist that which will bring forgetfulness. Give me something to eat, and keep your money."

I had the coin in my hand, but I could not give it after such a confession. What could I do? I could not leave the woman to starve in the street. It was not so late but a light was shining from a distant cellar, where I knew there was a restaurant. I think she saw the direction of my eyes, for she said,

"You'll never miss a shilling or so, Sir, spent in that place. I am very hungry."

There was something terrible in the reiteration of these words, and I was anxious at once to cause their cessation by showing her that she should have what she asked for.

How voraciously she ate! She spoke truly when she said she was hungry. I stood looking at the woman from a speculating curiosity, and wondered and wandered back through her life, that I might, from any conceivable sequence of causes, bring her to her present degradation. It is a hard road upon which to build fiction. The stern facts of a career ending as hers had ended were almost beyond invention. She was eating rapidly, and crying, wiping her eyes with the back of the hand which conveyed the food to her mouth. There was no doubt she had once been handsome. Though the eyes were bleared and bloodshot, they still showed that they had been full and blue. I could at least allow my imagination this rein: that she who now seemed so utterly lost to the attributes of a woman was once accomplished and beautiful.

"Were you ever jealous?" These words came forth with a great burst of tears, and were the first she had spoken since she commenced to eat; and then, without waiting an answer, she went on: "To be jealous is to be possessed by a devil. No! you have never been jealous, or you would not sit so calmly by and look at me while I speak the name of this fiend. You would spit and curse at his name if you had ever felt his power."

I said something commonplace in admission of the truth of what she was saying.

"Why has this terrible curse been sent upon earth?" she questioned, looking at me with a glare in which wretchedness and despair were mingled.

"Are you loved? Know it, feel it, do not trifle with so great a treasure, give no cause for this curse to come to her you love, and give it no entertainment for yourself."

She leaned her hands upon the table, and pressed her head upon them, sobbing aloud. I arose to go, speaking, as I did so, a few of those stereotyped words we so freely administer both for comfort and advice. She started up as I had finished, and said, hoarsely,

"You must not go. I do not find sympathy and aid so often that I can allow it to go unthanked. I can do you no service in return, but I can warn you by my example. Sit down that I may tell you how the wretched woman you see before you came here."

I had little wish to stay for the tale. I felt that the woman before me was too far gone to rescue. Her story, whatever it might be, I was sure would turn out only one of the thousands we hear every day. And yet I seated myself to listen.

"You see," she continued, "these grimed hands. They were once fair, well shaped, and unused to labor. Many a time my ears have listened to the encomiums that some admirer would lavish on their whiteness and good form. Ah! that seems strange now, looking at them to-night. I remember how often I heard, when I was a girl, that I was a type of angel beauty, golden haired, fair skin, and great light-blue eyes; and I was so happy too, the life of all the little parties I joined. I knew nothing of sorrows, but such as were brushed away in a momentary fall of tears, leaving all things brighter afterward. My father was very wealthy, and I an only child. My mother I had never known; she died at my birth. You can readily suppose that, for my father, all there was of earth was centred in me. For myself, there was nothing to wish for that wealth could give me. In those days I lived a wild, reckless, and happy life. I was yet a child, while I had become a woman. Before I had emerged from this childish womanhood I loved. Guy Shelton was much my elder; but while to the world of men he was the cold, stern, calculating man of business, to myself he was a yielding, light-hearted boy, and to women the gallant or frivolous man of the world. It was Shelton's decisive, but apparently careless, manner that first attracted me toward him, and his perpetual good humor that bound me. I loved him, and was really loved. Yes! I know that I was loved, really loved.

"My father consented to the marriage, though he begged that we would wait a year or two. I was too young, he said. When do lovers wait upon advice that says delay? I was seventeen, and, as I then thought, as capable of judgment as I would ever be. Shelton was nearly ten years my senior. We were married, and for a few months I thought life had opened to me all her concealed springs of pleasure. I wished to belong all to him. I was proud when I owned myself his slave. I sought opportunities to show how gladly I wore his chains. I lived only in the thought of him. I could not bear him from my sight. I detained him from business on every pretext. I wept on his departure, and showered caresses on him at his return. I was wild in the possession, and had no world but in him.

"And then came the reward. Oh! there can be such things as punishments for too great a love for an earthly tie—a remorse for an excess of love, as well as for its absence. Only a few months had passed by when I first thought I saw a change in my husband—a weariness under my embraces, a repulsion to the exuberance of my kisses—and the thought sent a pang through me worse, far worse, than the fear of death. I could not dismiss it; sleeping and waking the distrust was ever with me; and partially from the trembling fear of its reality, and partially to test it, I redoubled my entreaties, my caresses, and my efforts to be ever with him. It was true. I had not imagined falsely. At first it was only a distrust—a light shadow rising, which a gleam of sunshine might have dispelled. Soon it was a certainty—a cloud of darkness forever, from whose blackness no shimmer of light would ever come out.

"After this how I watched for every word, for every look not directed to myself! How I cursed every fair word that fell for other ears than mine, and mourned that he possessed the very charm of speech that had so won me! Every woman's face upon which he looked for a moment to me became a thing of terror. I had no power of reasoning—no sense of comparison. I did not know, and could not tell, that they were in all things my inferiors, and that he must see it. I could only regard all women as my deadly enemies, as rivals for the love which to me was more than life. I hated them all, and avoided them all. One commending word from him for any newly-seen face, or manner admired, and no terror would have been too great to have kept me from their destruction but the terror of losing him. And through all this I did not allow it to burn within myself, consuming my soul, without an outward show. I cast it upon him. With teeth and hands clenched I stood before him, and accused him, in my passion, of infidelity, of which I did not believe him guilty. I cursed him for seeing beauty in other faces than my own, for hearing music in other voices than the one which had now become only a repetition of upbraidings, fretful complainings, or passionate vituperations. At one moment I could heap upon his head the basest of accusations or the most frightful denunciations; in the next I would fall at his feet praying for forgiveness, and, receiving it, with the most solemn asseverations on my part never to offend again, and within the hour, on the most trifling provocation, cast my promises to the winds with a repetition of the same scene. Oh! Philanthropy, Science, Philosophy, Mankind, and States, you have built asylums for the insane and for the inebriate, will you not for the victims of the fiend of jealousy? Has it not as many as all other insane passions, and are they not just as worthy of your curative restraint?

"Oh, Remorse! How its stings bring back the memory of the efforts he made in the first of my career of madness to check its desperation, sometimes to dissuade me from my hallucinations by reasoning, sometimes to laugh them away, sometimes by his embraces to assure me of his unaltered love. Oh, blind fool that I was! Why could I not shut it all into my own heart? Or why, failing this, could I not keep within ourselves the discord bred from my bitterness and love? No! In the wildness of my passion, without proof, without reality, I accused him before the world; I proclaimed my own shame, rather than my wrongs, to be bandied about by lips that sneered as they repeated my tale. I crushed out every tinge of shame, until I feared to tell the world I loved the man whose love I had driven from me. Yes, I had driven his love from me; he could deny it no longer now. There was no doubt of his seeking other faces than mine—he would not deny it. I had insulted and driven off all society; he could not live alone, he would therefore seek those who would not seek him, and I—why, I must bear it as best I might. And the time came that I was a mother. And he so fondly loved the child! I thought afterward that he saw in it the compensation for the love he had sought with me and had found unreal. But the coming of the babe wrought no change with me. I would leave it at any hour neglected, unattended, that I might go with him, when my failure to make our home happy drove him forth. To go with him, or stealthily to follow and watch. All the woman's nature, all the mother's love was dead within me, burned and ashen with this one fire.

"And my babe sickened and died—died through my neglect! And kneeling at his feet I confessed my sin, and besought him not to turn away coldly from me on its admission. Over the corse of my child I prayed for forgiveness at his heart, and by all things sacred—by the sorrows I had borne—by the punishment I had brought upon myself—I promised never again to do aught that should wound or drive him from me. He believed and forgave, as he always did, and on the sad night of the day that we laid our little one in the grave he told me how its death had torn out of his heart all the hope of the future; how he had wound all that future about his child, and built such fabrics upon it; and yet if its death served but to bring us once more together—to restore the love we once declared, he willingly resigned it to God. He was true to his profession, and once more opened the heart, bleeding and sore as it was, for me. Once more I became his only confidante, his only companion, and the days rolled sadly and softly away. Time is a blotter of memory, and time weakened the sharpness of those lines so deeply graven beside my dead child. It began small, and gathered as it grew, and once more I was possessed of the same fiend. But now I was becoming more subtle. I would not betray myself so openly. I would hide when the fit was upon me, and grit my teeth and tear my hair in agony. I would imagine and ponder to myself, and think upon revenges. Yes, I would have some terrible revenge that should make him know my power and come cringing to my feet. Of this I dreamed day and night, and too soon the opportunity came. He had told me of reverses in business, reverses that bade fair, unless there was a change, to absorb every thing he had in the world. In full sincerity I had offered the whole of my own private fortune, settled on me at the death of my father, to avert the catastrophe, which he had accepted provisionally, giving me to understand that he would call upon me for it if he found himself unable to struggle through without.

"Even while he was battling with this spectre of ruin was I nursing the fiend that was stinging me even unto death, renewing the imaginations of the past, retracing injuries, supposititious or real, that were dim in my memory. One day I had brooded long over some new-found cause, and my heart was filled with bitterness. He came, and a smile of unusual tenderness was upon his face. He told me how at last he had weathered the storm that threatened to ingulf him, how dearly he loved me for the aid I had offered him, but which there would be no occasion for him to use. How in one week he would be upon a ground of more stability than ever, and would feel, when once this was the case, like a different man. And then he congratulated himself upon the fact that his position was unknown to his creditors, and that this alone had saved him. That night to his joyousness I tried a response; perhaps, I argued to myself, the cares and trials of business, its distractions, may have had some effect in winning away his mind from love, and from those caresses I judged must of necessity be its mode of showing. And with some spirit of forgiveness for the past toward him, through all my prejudices, I sought my pillow.

"The next morning as he left me he drew me toward him and pressed his lips against my forehead; as he did so a bundle of papers in the breast-pocket of his coat came between us, he pulled them forth, and handed them to me, with the request that I would throw them into his desk. The papers lay carelessly on the table for an hour or two after his departure, when I took them up to fulfill his injunctions. I was about consigning them to the desk when one, a letter, dropped upon the floor. As I picked it up I saw in a moment a woman's hand in the superscription. With my brain burning with sudden fire I tore open the letter and read. It was scarcely six lines, calling upon him to be faithful to his promises, and to meet her the next day at 11 o'clock. The letter was signed with a single initial. Oh the horror of that moment! At last I had evidence of his falsity. But who was the writer? What promises had he made? And where was he to see her? At eleven o'clock. It was that hour now. Frenzied at the thought I crushed the letter in my hand, and scarcely waiting to attire myself fitly for the street, I hastened to his place of business. He was gone, and the clerks, frightened at the wildness of my appearance, told me that he had left half an hour before to go up town, and would not return for a couple of hours. I showed the letter. Did any of them know the handwriting? No! it was unknown, and now he was with this woman unknown, and I had no power to reach her. Oh! at that moment, could I have done so, how little would I have cared for the spilling of blood! I could only rave bitter curses on their heads before the astonished clerks, and rush away from the counting-room. I knew his business secrets. I knew who were his greatest creditors. With hisses of vengeance I fled toward the most important of these. I denounced him with bitter invective. I told how, although he was my husband, I wished to see him ruined—that he stood now on the verge of bankruptcy. I promised every thing if that end were accomplished; and so these smooth, oily men of business took me at my word, and before I left their office I had signed an agreement to personally hold them clear of all pecuniary loss if they would pledge themselves to close upon their debtor and ruin him at one blow. How little in my madness did I dream of their real power, or how fearfully it would be realized!

"And now I hastened to my home that I might there think over the deadly blow I had struck, the revenge I had taken for what I conceived to be years of wrong and infidelity. I was calm now, and deadly cold. I could look in my glass and see the lines that had grown in my face since morning, the grayness of the skin, the deathlike dimness of the eyes, and the whiteness of my lips, and could feel pleased that they were there; and then, when he came, I could point to them, and bid him behold his work. Hour after hour passed by, and I was becoming more composed. My revenge was not yet complete; he should upon his return to me give up the writer of the letter to it. I would wreak upon her the power of an injured wife, and then, perhaps, I could forgive him.

"But the hour came and passed at which it was his custom to return; his dinner awaited him, and still he came not. Could he be awaiting the bidding of his guilty love? Again my brain was on fire. I strode through the apartments groaning aloud in my agony. The night fell, and yet he failed to return. This could not be; he would not yield to any temptation that should desert me through the hours of darkness. Whatever his faults had been this was not one. I strained my gaze out into the darkness of the streets. I pressed my hot head against the cool window-pane, and listened for each step upon the pavement; but his was not of them. Had he deserted me for she who bade him remember his promises? Oh no! What were those promises? If he were but to come now I would forgive him. I had ruined him; but there was my own wealth, he should have it all.

"And yet the hours went on. After midnight, and bitter cold, I stood with the window raised, sobbing out his name into the street, and asking forgiveness. Oh that one night of a life, that one concentrated bitterness of first remorse! At last there came sunlight, a choking, oppressive sensation of another day. I had hope now that he would come with it. Only let him come, even though he brought curses and blows with him, any thing, no matter how dreadful, so that I could but see him. I would cast myself at his feet, and bid him spurn me.

"I knew how useless would be my search, that until nine o'clock the counting-room would not be open, and earlier than that hour it would be useless for me to seek him there. It was scarcely yet eight, when there came a powerful ring at the door-bell. Without thinking of appearances I sprang through the hall before the servants could get up stairs, and opened the door myself. Something told me that this was my husband, or intelligence of him. I was not mistaken; though upon opening the door I stood paralyzed at the sight of three men, whose harsh and eager looks in a moment suggested some unknown terror. What they said I did not hear. I only remember that they followed me into the parlor, and there announced the arrest of my husband the day before, and his committal to prison, in default of obtaining a large amount of bail.

"'Arrested! imprisoned!'

"Yes, arrested and imprisoned on a charge of forgery; and these men had come with search-warrants to make themselves masters of any evidence that might be concealed of his guilt.

"And I was the cause. I did not have to wait long for this knowledge. I had betrayed him to his creditors; and within an hour all that which would have been forever concealed came to light. It was known that he had contracted illegitimate obligations to a vast amount, keeping them afloat by most extraordinary exertion, and that but for my betrayal there would have been no chance of discovery, and all would have been paid.

"And then they searched the house, and the certain evidences of his guilt were found—so they told me; and I was convinced that he did not trust me because he feared me. Had I but known all I could have saved him—I could have destroyed the proofs. Why—oh! why did he not make me a partner in his crime? And then I would never have betrayed him. I would have given him up to beggary, and when he was penniless taken him to my heart and given him all.

"But he was in prison. I had wealth; it should release him. Wealth was omnipotent; it should make the only reparation I could make; it should all be his. With this I flew to the place. What! he will *not* see me! He must. I am his wife. He will not see me. I should not be admitted to his cell. He knew all—he knew of my betrayal. He would not see me. He would hear no messages, and would send none. He would receive no aid from me. Oh, it was too terrible! All others he would see and speak with but myself. I sought by all means to reach him without effect. Oh, that terrible day! It was closing fast into night when a summons came again to the door-bell, and a lady was shown into the parlor. At her entrance my blood sprang again to my brain. What could a woman want here at such a time, asking for Mr. Shelton, as she had, at the door? She was closely vailed upon entering. She advanced quickly to where I stood, holding out her hand and throwing back her vail. She was smiling. Who could smile at such a time?

"'I am Mr. Shelton's sister. You are his wife, I presume, whom I have never seen?'

"How I sprang toward her, and then how quickly I repulsed her!—the first, when I thought that I had found a mediator with him whom I had betrayed; the last, when I remembered that she was his sister, and perhaps knew not of what had passed, or my agency in it. How she, too, would hate me when she knew all! But she should know it. And then I told her of her brother's situation. She had heard nothing. She only that afternoon had arrived in town, and hastened directly to his house. Again to her ears I poured out all my story. I cursed myself, and plead to her upon my knees for forgiveness for herself and mediation with her brother. She listened to it all, and then asked for the note that had first aroused my passion. There was a horrible chill in her voice, but I placed the note in her hands. She had scarcely touched it when she said,

"'It is my own note, in which I bade him meet me yesterday at the boat. I was too late; and did not meet him according to my appointment.'

"One more blow; and I bowed my head still lower.

"I could not ask or expect that Miss Shelton should treat me otherwise; but there was something in this quiet, stately woman's manner that made me doubly feel my crime—much more—oh! much more—than all the harsh words and passionate reproaches that could have found vent in words.

"What more? Another ring, and a tall, sombre man in black was ushered into the room. I had no power to speak. I knew that something terrible was coming, though what could come worse than what had already passed? I felt a cold iciness creeping about my heart, and I prayed that it might be death coming to me. No, there was no such mercy for me. I heard the man say, as I sat there frozen and stolid, 'Compose yourself, madam,' and his voice seemed to come from some far distance, and to sound as though uttered by some horrible mechanism, as it went on:

"'Mr. Guy Shelton is dead. He died by his own hand, about an hour since. I have called with reference to the disposal of the body when the inquest is concluded.'

"I did not faint or become insensible. I would that I had, or from that moment a raving maniac. I was denied even this relief. As a helpless paralytic for three years from that day I was carried from my bed to a chair. I saw and heard all that passed about me, but I could make no sign, and speak no word. I knew that the body of my husband was brought to the house. I could hear and see some part of the eager, gossiping crowd who came to the funeral from curiosity, and who stopped to gaze for a few moments at the stricken wife. I could hear the remarks of the hireling nurses, who canvassed the whole matter, and asked each other how long they thought I would live. I could know all about the strict-dealing business men who, upon the day of my passion, had got me to sign something to secure them against loss, and who now were taking from me all my property—ay, every dollar—to pay for the signing of that paper. It was legal and just; no doubt it was so. The honorable gentlemen who assisted have told me so since, numberless times. Three years I listened to all this, and then I was removed from my own house, no longer mine, to the county poor-house. A year ago I was discharged, cured they said, and since that time I have quietly awaited death. It must come soon. Do you think he will forgive me, if we meet in the great hereafter?

"Now I have told my story. You can do nothing for me. My hunger is satisfied. I will only ask one thing. If some poor wretch appeals to you for a mouthful of food, give it. It is a terrible thing to starve to death. Give it, even though it be *A Common Case.*"

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"LOOK into your own heart and write!" said Herr Cant; and earth's cuckoos echoed the cry. Look into the Rhine where it is deepest, and the Thames where it is thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception, and what comes up must be immortal truth, mustn't it? Now, in the first place no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained from some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently. Gerard was so young and green that he needed no philosopherling to lead him into shallow water. Half way to Sevenbergen he looked into his own heart and asked it why he was going to Sevenbergen. His heart replied without a moment's hesitation. We are going out of mere curiosity, to know why she jilted us, and to show her it has not broken our hearts, and that we are quite content with our honors and our benefice in prospectu, and don't want her or any of her fickle sex.

He soon found out Peter Brandt's cottage; and there sat a girl in the door-way, plying her needle, and a stalwart figure leaned on a long bow and talked to her. Gerard felt an unaccountable pang at the sight of him. However, the man turned out to be past fifty years of age, an old soldier, whom Gerard remembered to have seen shoot at the butts with admirable force and skill. Another minute and the youth stood before them. Margaret looked up and dropped her work, and uttered a faint cry, and was white and red by turns. But these signs of emotion were swiftly dismissed, and she turned far more chill and indifferent than she would if she had not betrayed this agitation.

"What! is it you, Master Gerard? What on earth brings you here, I wonder?"

"I was passing by and saw you; so I thought I would give you good-day, and ask after your father."

"My father is well. He will be here anon."

"Then I may as well stay till he comes."

"As you will. Good Martin, step into the village and tell my father here is a friend of his."

"And not of yours?"

"My father's friends are mine."

"That is doubtful. It was not like a friend to promise to wait for me, and then make off the moment my back was turned. Cruel Margaret! you little know how I searched the town for you—how for want of you nothing was pleasant to me."

"These are idle words; if you had desired my father's company, or mine, you would have come back. There I had a bed laid for you, Sir, at my cousin's, and he would have made much of you, and, who knows, I might have made much of you too. I was in the humor that day. You will not catch me in the same mind again, neither you nor any young man, I warrant me."

"Margaret, I came back the moment the countess let me go; but you were not there."

"Nay, you did not, or you had seen Hans Cloterman at our table; we left him to bring you on."

"I saw no one there, but only a drunken man that had just tumbled down."

"At our table? How was he clad?"

"Nay, I took little heed: in sad colored garb."

At this Margaret's face gradually lighted with a mixture of archness and happiness; then assuming incredulity and severity, she put many shrewd questions, all of which Gerard answered most loyally. Finally, the clouds cleared, and they guessed how the misunderstanding had come about. Then came a revulsion of tenderness, all the more powerful that they had done each other wrong; and then, more dangerous still, came mutual confessions. Neither had been happy since; neither ever would have been happy but for this fortunate meeting.

And Gerard found a MS. Vulgate lying open on the table, and pounced upon it like a hawk. MSS. were his delight; but before he could get to it two white hands quickly came flat upon the page, and a red face confronted him.

"Nay, take away your hands, Margaret, that I may see where you are reading, and I will read there too at home; so shall my soul meet yours in the sacred page. You will not? Nay, then, I must kiss them away." And he kissed them so often, that for very shame they were fain to withdraw, and, lo! the sacred book proved to be open at

An apple of gold in a net-work of silver.

"There, now," said she, "I had been hunting for it ever so long, and found it but even now—and to be caught!" and with a touch of inconsistency she pointed it out to Gerard with her white finger.

"Ay," said he, "but to-day it is all hidden in that great cap."

"It is a comely cap, I'm told by some."

"May be: but what it hides is beautiful."

"It is not: it is hideous."

"Well, it was beautiful at Rotterdam."

"Ay, every thing was beautiful that day."

And now Peter came in, and welcomed Gerard cordially, and would have him to stay supper. And Margaret disappeared; and Gerard had a nice learned chat with Peter; and Margaret reappeared with her hair in her silver net, and shot a glance half arch half coy, and she glided about them, and spread supper, and beamed bright with gayety and happiness. And in the cool evening Gerard coaxed her out, and coaxed her on to the road to Tergou, and there they strolled up and down, hand in hand; and when he must go they pledged each other never to quarrel or misunderstand one another again; and they sealed the promise with a long loving kiss, and Gerard went home on wings.

From that day Gerard spent most of his evenings with Margaret, and the attachment deepened and deepened on both sides till the hours they spent together were the hours they lived; the rest they counted and underwent. And at the outset of this deep attachment all went smoothly; obstacles there were, but they seemed distant and small to the eyes of hope, youth, and love. The feelings and passions of so many persons that this attachment would thwart gave no warning smoke to show their volcanic nature and power. The course of true love ran smoothly, placidly, until it had drawn these two young hearts into its current forever, and then—

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE bright morning unwonted velvet shone, unwonted feathers waved, and horses' hoofs glinted and rang through the streets of Tergou, and the windows and balconies were studded with wondering faces. The French embassador was riding through to sport in the neighboring forest.

Besides his own suite he was attended by several servants of the Duke of Burgundy, lent to do him honor and minister to his pleasure. The duke's tumbler rode before him with a grave, sedate majesty that made his more noble companions seem light, frivolous persons. But ever and anon, when respect and awe neared the oppressive, he rolled off his horse so ignobly and funnily that even the embassador was fain to burst out laughing. He also climbed up again by the tail in a way provocative of mirth, and so he played his part. Toward the tail of the pageant rode one that excited more attention still—the duke's leopard. A huntsman mounted on a Flemish horse of prodigious size and power carried a long box fastened to the rider's loins by straps curiously contrived, and on this box sat a huge leopard crouching. He was chained to the huntsman. The people admired his glossy hide and spots, and pressed near, and one or two were for feeling him and pulling his tail; then the huntsman shouted in a terrible voice, "Beware!" At Antwerp one did but throw a handful of dust at her, and the duke made dust of him.

"Gramercy!"

"I speak sooth. The good duke shut him up in prison, in a cell under ground, and the rats cleaned the flesh off his bones in a night. Served him right for molesting the poor thing." There was a murmur of fear, and the Tergovians shrank from tickling the leopard of their sovereign.

But an incident followed that raised their spirits again. The duke's giant, a Hungarian seven feet four inches high, brought up the rear. This enormous creature had, like some other giants, a treble, fluty voice of little power. He was a vain fellow, and not conscious of this or any defect. Now it happened he caught sight of Giles sitting on the top of the balcony; so he stopped and began to make fun of him.

"Hallo! brother!" squeaked he, "I had nearly passed without seeing thee."

"*You* are plain enough to see," bellowed Giles, in his bass tones.

"Come on my shoulder, brother," squeaked Titan, and held out a shoulder of mutton fist to help him down.

"If I do I'll cuff your ears," roared the dwarf.

The giant saw the homuncule was irascible, and played upon him, being encouraged thereto by the shouts of laughter. He did not see that the people were laughing not at his wit, but at the ridiculous incongruity of the two voices—the gigantic feeble fife, and the petty, deep, loud drum, the mountain delivered of a squeak and the mole-hill belching thunder.

The singular duet came to as singular an end. Giles lost all patience and self-command, and being a creature devoid of fear, and in a rage to boot, he actually dropped upon the giant's neck, seized his hair with one hand, and punched his head with the other. The giant's first impulse was to laugh, but the weight and rapidity of the blows speedily corrected that inclination.

"He! he! ah! ha! hallo! oh! ho! Holy saints! here! help! or I must throttle the imp! I can't! O Lord! I'll split your skull against the—" and he made a wild run backward at the balcony. Giles saw his danger, seized the balcony in time with both hands, and whipped over it just as the giant's head came against it with a stunning crack. The people roared with laughter and exultation at the address of their little champion. The indignant giant seized two of the laughers, knocked them together like dumb-bells, shook them, and strewed them flat (Catherine shrieked, and threw her apron over Giles), then strode wrathfully away after the party. This incident had consequences no one then present foresaw: it made Mr. Giles a companion of princes. Its immediate results were agreeable. The Tergovians turned proud of him, and after this listened with more affability to his prayers for parchment. For Giles drove a regular trade with his brother Gerard in this article. That is to say, he went about and begged it gratis, and Gerard gave him coppers for it.

On the afternoon of the same day Catherine and her daughter were chatting together about their favorite theme—Gerard, his goodness, his benefice, and the brightened prospects of the whole family.

Their good luck had come to them in the very shape they would have chosen; besides the advantages of a benefice such as the Countess Charolois would not disdain to give, there was the feminine delight at having a priest, a holy man, in their own family. He will marry Cornelis, and Sybrandt: for they can marry (good housewives), now, if they will: "Gerard will take care of you and Giles when we are gone. Yes, mother, and we can confess to him instead of to a stranger," said Kate.

"Ay, girl! and he can give the sacred oil to your father and me, and close our eyes, when our time comes."

"Oh, mother! not for many, many years, I do pray Heaven. Pray don't speak of that; it always makes me sad. I hope I shall go before you, mother dear. No! let us be gay to-day. I am out of pain, mother—quite out of all pain; it does seem so strange; and I feel so bright and happy, that— Mother, can you keep a secret?"

"Nobody better, child. Why, you know I can."

"Then I will show you something so beautiful. You never saw the like, I trow. Only Gerard must never know; for I am sure he means to surprise us with it, he covers it up so, and sometimes he carries it away altogether."

Kate took her crutches and moved slowly away, leaving her mother in an exalted state of curiosity. She soon returned with something in a cloth, uncovered it, and there was a lovely picture of the Virgin, with all her insignia, and wearing her tiara over a wealth of beautiful hair, which flowed loose over her shoulders. Catherine, at first, was struck with awe.

"It is herself!" she cried; "it is the Queen of Heaven! I never saw one like her to my mind before."

"And her eyes, mother! lifted to heaven, as if they belonged there, and not to a mortal creature. And her beautiful hair of burning gold!"

"And to think I have a son that can make the saints live again upon a piece of wood!"

"The reason is, he is a young saint himself, mother. He is too good for this world; he is here to portray the blessed, and then to go away and be with them forever."

Ere they had half done admiring it a strange voice was heard at the door. By one of the furtive instincts of their sex they hastily hid the picture in the cloth, though there was no need. And the next moment in came, casting his eyes furtively around, a man that had not entered the house this ten years—Ghysbrecht van Swieten.

The two women were so taken by surprise that they merely stared at him and at one another, and said, "The Burgomaster!" in a tone so expressive that Ghysbrecht felt compelled to answer it.

"Yes! I own the last time I came here was not on a friendly errand. Men love their own interest—Gerard's and mine were contrary. Well! let this visit atone the last. To-day I come on your business, and none of mine." Catherine and her daughter exchanged a swift glance of contemptuous incredulity. They knew the man better than he thought. "It is about your son Gerard."

"Ay! ay! you want him to work for the town—for nothing. He told us."

"I come on no such errand. It is to let you know he has fallen into bad hands."

"Now Heaven and the saints forbid! Man, torture not a mother! Speak out, and quickly: speak ere you have time to coin falsehood: we know you."

Ghysbrecht turned pale at this affront, and spite mingled with the other motives that brought him here.

"Thus it is, then," said he, grinding his teeth, and speaking very fast. "Your son Gerard is more like to be a father of a family than a priest: he is forever with Margaret, Peter Brandt's red-haired girl, and loves her like a cow her calf."

Mother and daughter both burst out laughing. Ghysbrecht stared at them.

"What, you knew it?"

"Carry this tale to those who know not my son Gerard. Women are naught to him."

"Other women are, mayhap. But this one is the apple of his eye to him, or will be, if you part them not, and soon. Come, dame, don't make me waste time and friendly counsel: my servant has seen them together a score times, handed, and reading babies in one another's eyes like—you know, dame—you have been young too."

"Kate, I am ill at ease. Yes, I have been young, and know how blind and foolish the young are. My heart! He has turned me sick in a moment. Oh, Kate, if it should be true!"

"No, no!" cried Kate, eagerly. "Gerard might love a young woman: all young men do: I can't think what they see in them to love so: but if he did he would let us know: he would not deceive us. You wicked man, you will kill my mother. No, dear mother, don't look so! Gerard is too good to love a creature of earth. His love is for Our Lady and the saints. Ah! I will show you the pict— There: if his heart was earthly could he paint the Queen of Heaven like that?—look! look!" and she held the picture out triumphantly, and more radiant and beautiful in this moment of enthusiasm than ever dead picture was or will be, overpowered the Burgomaster with her eloquence and her feminine proof of Gerard's purity. His eyes and mouth opened, and remained open: in which state they kept turning, face and all, as if on a pivot, from the picture to the women, and from the women to the picture.

"Why, it is herself?" he gasped.

"Isn't it?" cried Kate, and her hostility was softened. "You admire it? I forgive you for frightening us."

"Am I in a mad-house?" said Ghysbrecht van Swieten, thoroughly puzzled. "You show me a picture of the girl, and you say he painted it; and that is a proof he can not love her! Why, they all paint their sweet-hearts, painters do."

"A picture of the girl?" exclaimed Kate, shocked. "Fie! this is not a girl; this is the Virgin Mary."

"No; no, it is Margaret Brandt."

"Oh, blind! It is the Queen of Heaven."

"No; only of Sevenbergen village."

"Profane man! behold her crown!"

"Silly child! look at her red hair! Would the Virgin be seen in red hair? She who had the pick of all the colors ten thousand years before the world began?"

At this moment an anxious face was insinuated round the edge of the open door: it was their neighbor, Peter Buysken.

"What is to do?" said he, in a cautious whisper. "We can hear you all across the street. What on earth is to do?"

"Oh, neighbor! What is to do? Why, here is the Burgomaster blackening my Gerard."

"Stop!" cried Van Swieten. "Peter Buysken is come in the nick of time. He knows father and daughter both; they cured him of the colic. Here, Peter, who is that? Now be silent, women, for one moment, if you can Who is that?"

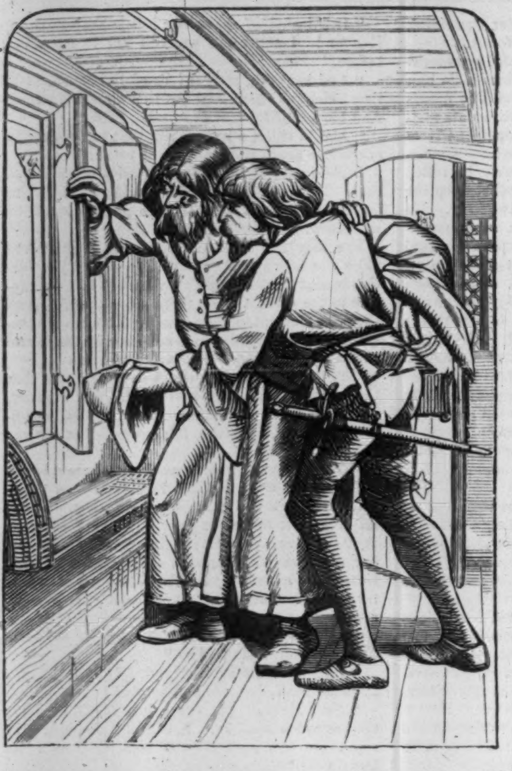
Peter gave a start. "Well, to be sure!" was all his reply.

"Who is it?" repeated Ghysbrecht, impetuously.

Peter Buysken smiled. "Why, you know as well as I do. But what have they put a crown on her for? I never saw her in a crown, for my part."

"Man alive! Can't you open your great jaws and just speak a wench's name, to oblige three people?"

"I'd do a great deal more to oblige one of you



than that, Burgomaster. If it isn't as natural as life!"

"Curse the man! he won't, he won't—curse him!"

"Why, what have I done now?"

"Oh, Sir!" said little Kate, "for pity's sake tell us; are these the features of one Margaret Brandt?"

"A mirror is not truer, my little maid."

"But is it she, Sir, for very certain?"

"Why, don't I tell you it is."

"Now, why couldn't you say so at once?" snarled Ghysbrecht.

"I did say so as plain as I could speak," snapped Peter; and they growled over this small bone of contention so zealously that they did not see Catherine and her daughter had thrown their aprons over their heads, and were rocking to and fro in deep distress. The next moment Gerard senior came in, and stood aghast. Catherine, though her face was covered, knew his footstep directly.

"That is my poor man," she sobbed. "Tell him, good Peter Buysken, for I have not the courage to."

"Gerard turned pale. The presence of the Burgomaster in his house, after so many years of coolness, coupled with his wife's and daughter's distress, made him fear some heavy misfortune.

"Richart! Jacob!" he gasped.

"No! no!" said the Burgomaster; "it is nearer home, and nobody is dead or dying, old friend."

"God bless you, Burgomaster! Ah! something is gone off my breast that was like to choke me. Now, what is the matter?"

Ghysbrecht then told him all that he told the women, and showed the picture in evidence.

"Is that all?" said Gerard. "What are ye roaring and bellowing for? It is vexing, it is angering, but it is not like death nor even sickness. Boys will be boys. He will outgrow that disease: 'tis but skin deep."

But when Ghysbrecht told him that Margaret was a girl of good character; that it was not to be supposed she would be so intimate if marriage had not been spoken of between them, Gerard's brow darkened.

"Marriage? that shall never be," said he, sternly. "I'll stay that, ay, by force, if need be, as I would his hand lifted to cut his throat. I'd do what old John Koestein did t'other day."

"And what is that, in Heaven's name?" asked the mother, suddenly removing her apron.

It was the Burgomaster who replied:

"He made me shut young Albert Koestein up in the prison of the Stadthouse till he knocked under: it was not long. Forty-eight hours, all alone, on bread and water, cooled his hot stomach. 'Tell my father I am his humble servant,' says he, 'and let me into the sun once more—the sun is worth all the wenches in the world.'"

"Oh the cruelty of men!" sighed Catherine.

"As to that, the Burgomaster has no choice: it is the law. And if a father says, 'Burgomaster, lock up my son,' he must do it. A fine thing it would be if a father might not lock up his own son."

"Well, well! it won't come to that with me and my son. He never disobeyed me in his life: he never shall. Where is he? It is past supper-time. Where is he, Kate?"

"Alas, I know not, father."

"I know," said Ghysbrecht; "he is at Sevenbergen. My servant met him on the road."

Supper passed in gloomy silence. Evening descended—no Gerard: eight o'clock came—no Gerard. Then the father sent all to bed except Catherine.

"You and I will walk abroad, wife, and talk over this new care."

"Abroad, Gerard, at this time! Whither?"

"Why on the road to Sevenbergen."

"Oh no, no hasty words, father! Poor Gerard! he never vexed you before."

"Fear me not. But it must end; and I am not one that trusts to-morrow with to-day's work."

The old couple walked hand in hand; for, strange as it may appear to some of my readers, the use of the elbow to couples walking was never discovered in Europe till centuries after this. They walked a long time in silence. The night was clear and balmy. Such nights, calm and silent, recall the past from the dead.

"It is a many years since we walked so late, my man," said Catherine, softly.

"Ay, sweet-heart, more than we shall see again. (Is he never coming, I wonder?")

"Not since our courting days, Gerard."

"No. Ay, you were a buxom lass then."

"And you were a comely lad, as ever a girl's eye stole a look at. I do suppose Gerard is with her now, as you used to be with me. Nature is strong, and the same in all our generations."

"Nay, I hope he has left her by now, confound her, or we shall be here all night."

"Gerard!"

"Well?"

"I have been happy with you, sweet-heart, for all our rubs—much happier, I trow, than if I had—been—a—a—nun. You won't speak harshly to the poor child. One can be firm without being harsh."

"Surely."

"Have you been happy with me, my poor Gerard?"

"Why, you know I have. Friends I have known, but none like you. Buss me, wife!"

"A heart to share joy and grief with is a great comfort to man or woman. Isn't it?"

"It is so, my lass.

'It doth joy double,
And halveth trouble,'

runs the by-word. Ah! here comes the young fool."

Catherine trembled and held her husband's hand tight. The moon was bright, but they were in the shadow of some trees, and their son did not see them. He came singing in the moonlight, and his face shining.

CHAPTER IX.

While the Burgomaster was exposing Gerard at Tergou, Margaret had a trouble of her own at Sevenbergen. It was a housewife's distress, but deeper than we can well conceive. She came to Martin Wittenhaagen, the old soldier, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Martin, there's nothing in the house, and Gerard is coming, and he is so thoughtless. He forgets to sup at home. When he puts down work then he runs to me straight, poor soul: and often he comes here quite faint. And to think I should have nothing to set before my servant that loves me so dear."

Martin scratched his head.

"What can I do?"

"It is Thursday; it is your day to shoot—sooth to say, I counted on you to-day."

"Nay," said the soldier, "I may not shoot when the duke or his friends are at the chase; read else. I am no scholar." And he took out of his pouch a parchment with a grand seal. It purported to be a stipend and a license given by Philip Duke of Burgundy to M. W., one of his archers, in return for services in the wars, and for a wound received at the Duke's side. The stipend was four merks yearly to be paid by the Duke's almoner, and the license was to shoot three arrows once a week, viz., on Thursday, and no other day, in any of the Duke's forests in Holland, at any game but a seven year old buck or a doe carrying fawn, proviso that the Duke should not be hunting on that day, or any of his friends. In this case Martin was not to go and disturb the woods on peril of his salary and head, etc.

Margaret sighed and was silent.

"Come, cheer up, mistress," said he, "for your sake I'll peril my carcass; I have done that for many a one that was not worth your forefinger. It is no such mighty risk either. I'll but step into the skirts of the forest, here. It is odds, but they drive a hare or a fawn within reach of my arrow."

"Martin, if I let you go you must promise me not to go far, and not to be seen; far better Gerard went supperless than ill should come to you, faithful Martin."

The required promise given, Martin took his bow and three arrows, and stole cautiously into the wood; it was scarce a furlong distant. The horns were heard faintly in the distance, and all the game was afoot. Come, thought Martin, I shall soon fill the pot, and no one be the wiser. He took his stand behind a thick oak that commanded a view of an open glade, and strung his bow—a truly formidable weapon. It was of English yew, six feet two inches high, and thick in proportion; and Martin, broad chested, with arms all iron and cord, and used to the bow from infancy, could draw a three-foot arrow to the head, and when it flew, the eye could scarce follow it, and the bow-string twanged as musical as a harp. This bow had laid many a stout soldier low in the wars of the Hoecks and Cabbel-jaws. In those days a battle-field was not a cloud of smoke; the combatants were few, but the deaths many; for they saw what they were about, and fewer bloodless arrows flew than bloodless bullets now. This tremendous weapon Martin now leveled at a hare. She came cantering, then sat sprightly, and her ears made a capital V. The arrow flew, the string twanged: but Martin had been in a hurry to pot her, and lost her by an inch: the arrow seemed to strike her, but it struck the ground close to her, and passed under her belly like a flash, and hissed along the short grass and disappeared. She jumped three feet perpendicular, and away at the top of her speed. "Bungler!" said Martin. A sure proof he was not a habitual bungler, or he would have blamed the hare. He had scarcely fitted another arrow to his string when a wood-pigeon settled on the very tree he stood under. Aha! thought he, you are small, but dainty. This time he took more pains; drew his arrow carefully, loosed it smoothly, and saw it, to all appearance, go clean through the bird, carrying feathers skyward like dust. Instead of falling at his feet, the bird, whose breast was torn, not fairly pierced, fluttered feebly away, and, by a great effort, rose above the trees, flew some fifty yards, and fell dead at last; but where he could not see for the thick foliage.

"Luck is against me," said he, despondently. But he fitted another arrow, and eyed the glade keenly. Presently he heard a bustle behind him, and turned round just in time to see a noble buck cross the open, but too late to shoot at him. He dashed his bow down with an imprecation. At that moment a long, spotted animal glided swiftly across after the deer; its belly seemed to touch the ground as it went. Martin took up his bow hastily—he recognized the duke's leopard. "The hunters will not be far from her," said he, "and I must not be seen."

He plunged into the wood, following the buck and leopard, for that was his way home. He had not gone far when he heard an unusual sound ahead of him—leaves rustling violently, and the ground trampled. An experienced huntsman, he suspected the cause, and hurried in the direction. He found the leopard on the buck's back, tearing him with teeth and claw, and the buck running in a circle and bounding convulsively, with the blood pouring down his hide. Then Martin framed a desperate resolution to have the venison for Margaret. He drew his arrow to the head, and buried it in the deer, who, spite of the creature on his back, bounded high into the air, and fell dead. The leopard went on tearing him as if nothing had happened.

Martin hoped that the creature would gorge itself with blood, and then let him take the venison. He waited some minutes, then walked resolutely up, and laid his hand on the buck's leg. The leopard gave a frightful growl, and left off sucking blood. He saw Martin's game, and was sulky and on his guard. What was to be done? Martin had heard that wild creatures can not stand the human eye. Accordingly he stood erect and fixed his on the leopard; the leopard returned a savage glance, and never took his eye off Martin. Then Martin, continuing to look the beast down, soon obtained an actual instead of a conventional result. The leopard flew at his head with a frightful yell, flaming eyes, and jaws and claws distended. He had but just time to catch her by the throat before her teeth could crush his face; one of her claws seized his shoulder and rent it, the other, aimed at his cheek, would have been more deadly still, but Martin was old-fashioned, and wore no hat but a scapulary of the same stuff as his jerkin, and this scapulary he had brought over his head like a hood; the brute's claw caught in the loose leather. Martin kept her teeth off his face with some difficulty, and griped her throat fiercely, and she kept rending his shoulder. It was like blunt reaping-hooks grinding and tearing. The pain was fearful: but, instead of cowing the old soldier, it put his blood up, and he gnashed his teeth with rage almost as fierce as hers, and squeezed her neck with iron force. The two pair of eyes blazed at one another—and now the man's were almost as furious as the brute's. She found he was throttling her, and made a wild attempt to free herself, in which she dragged his cowl all over his face and blinded him, and tore her claw out of his shoulder, flesh and all: but still he throttled her with hand and arm of iron. Presently her long tail, that was high in the air, went down, and her body lost its elasticity, and he held a choked and powerless thing: he griped it still till all motion ceased, then dashed it to the earth; then, panting, removed his cowl: the leopard lay still at his feet with tongue protruding and bloody paw; and for the first time terror fell on Martin. "I am a dead man: I have slain the duke's leopard." He hastily seized a few handfuls of leaves and threw them over her; then shouldered the buck and staggered away leaving a trail of blood all the way—his own and the buck's. He burst into Peter's house a horrible figure, bleeding and blood-stained, and flung the deer's carcass down.

"There, no questions," said he, "but broil me a steak of it; for I am faint."

Margaret did not see he was wounded: she thought the blood was all from the deer.

She busied herself at the fire, and the stout soldier stanched and bound his own wound apart, and soon he and Gerard and Margaret were supping royally on broiled venison.

They were very merry; and Gerard, with wonderful thoughtfulness, had brought a flask of Scheidam, and under its influence Martin revived, and told them how the venison was got, and thence to the feats of his youth.

Their mirth was suddenly interrupted. Margaret's eye became fixed and fascinated, and her cheek pale with fear. She gasped, and could not speak, but pointed to the window with trembling finger. Their eyes followed hers, and there in the twilight crouched a dark form with eyes like glow-worms.

It was the leopard!

While they stood petrified, fascinated by the eyes of green-fire, there sounded in a wood a single deep bay. It was the bay of a blood-hound. Martin trembled at it.

"They have lost her, and laid muzzled blood-hounds on her scent. They will find her here, and the venison. Good-by, friends, Martin Wittenhaage ends here."

Gerard seized his bow, and put it into the soldier's hands.

"Be a man," he cried, "shoot her, and fling her into the wood ere they come up. Who will know?"

More voices of hounds broke out, and nearer.

"Curse her!" cried Martin. "I spared her once; now she must die, or I, or both more likely;" and he reared his bow, and drew his arrow to the head.

"No! no!" cried Margaret, and seized the arrow: it broke in half: the pieces fell on each side the bow. The air at the same time filled with the tongues of the hounds: they were hot upon the scent.

"What have you done, wench? You have put the halter round my throat."

"No!" cried Margaret. "I have saved you: stand back from the window! both. Your knife! quick!"

She seized his long pointed knife, almost tore it out of his girdle, and darted from the room. The house was now surrounded with baying dogs and shouting men.

The glow-worm eyes moved not.

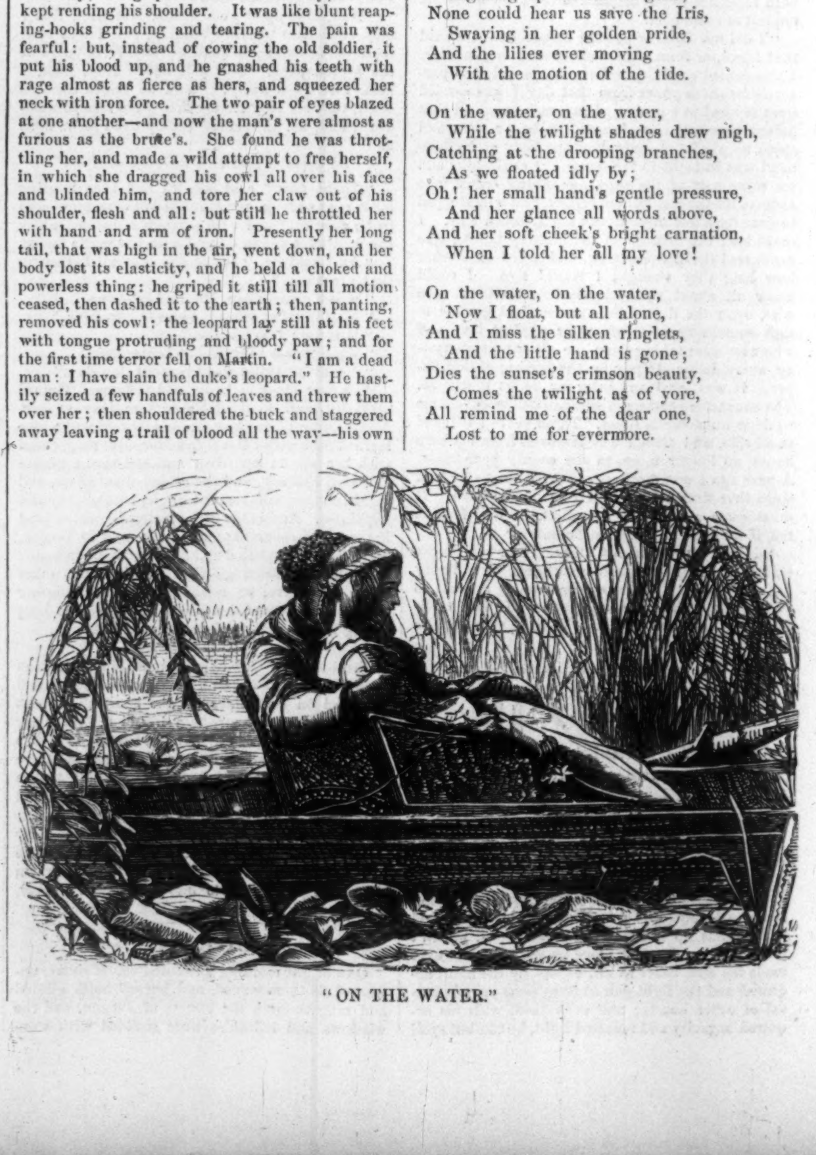
ON THE WATER.

On the water, on the water,
While the summer days were fair,
Whispering words in softest accents
Through a vail of drooping hair;
While the little ear was peeping,
Half-ashamed and rosy red,
Blushing at the earnest meaning
Of the tender words I said.

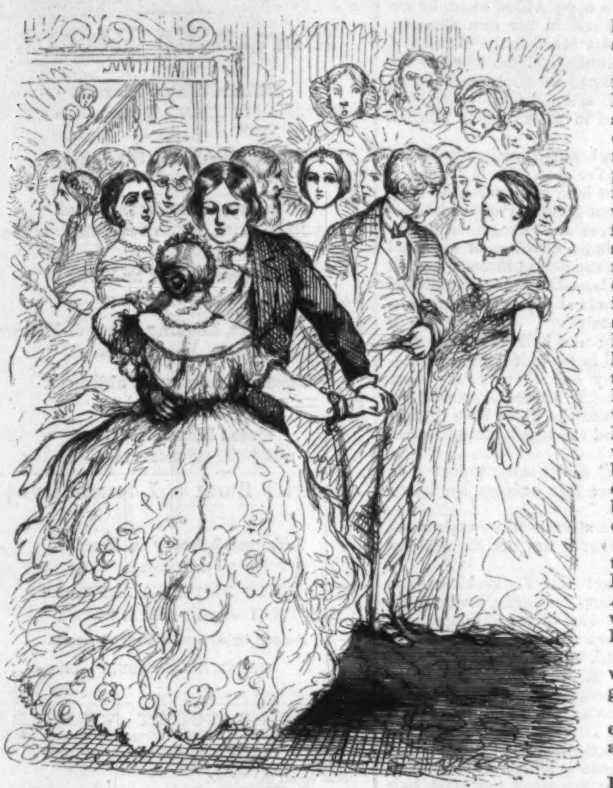
On the water, on the water,
Fairly shone the sunbeams then,
Dancing on the tiny ripples,
Lighting up the far-off glen;
None could hear us save the Iris,
Swaying in her golden pride,
And the lilies ever moving
With the motion of the tide.

On the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches,
As we floated idly by;
Oh! her small hand's gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
And her soft cheek's bright carnation,
When I told her all my love!

On the water, on the water,
Now I float, but all alone,
And I miss the silken ringlets,
And the little hand is gone;
Dies the sunset's crimson beauty,
Comes the twilight as of yore,
All remind me of the dear one,
Lost to me for evermore.



"ON THE WATER."



ABEL AND MRS. VAN KRAUT.

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TRUMPS.

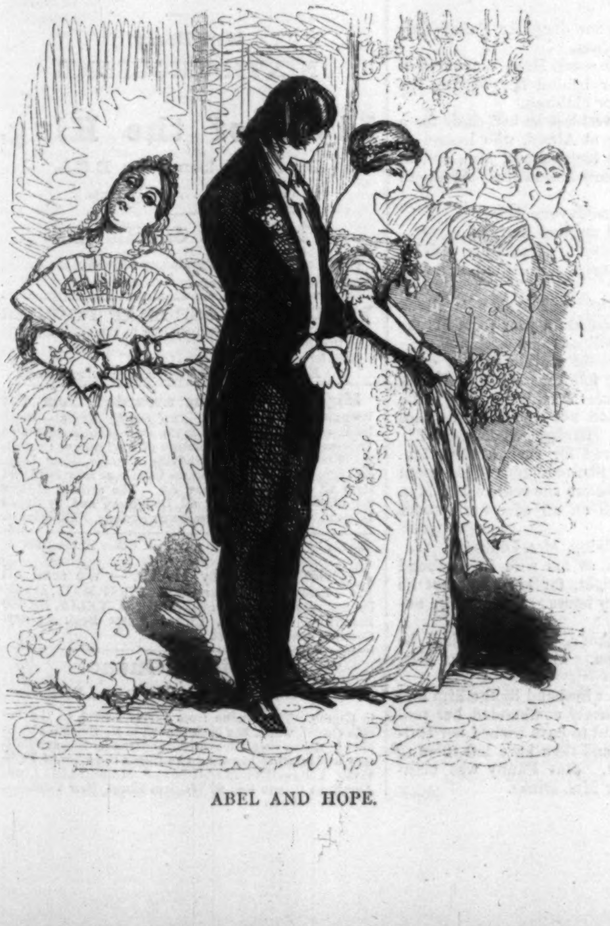
BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WALTZ ALL ROUND.

WHILE thus the Brickle ball murmured and simmered around them, Hope Wayne and her party looked on, criticising and criticised. Arthur Merlin, who was usually too busy to mix in society, and whose acquaintance was not especially fashionable, was extremely amused. At an early moment he had discovered Mrs. Dagon on her perch surveying Hope Wayne with an eagerness that made him ask her name and nature; while upon the other side, as Lawrence Newt was telling him of his Aunt Dagon, born Cecilia Bunley, Arthur descried Mrs. Winslow Orry, with her large, round, bright eyes, studying the group through her glass, and detecting the richness of Hope Wayne's attire.

"My Aunt Dagon, Arthur, is one of those people who serve as pepper in society. Yes, she does double duty. She is vinegar also. She has a good deal of cleverness, which has soured, so that when she spatters her conversation with it, as she constantly does, the flavor is very acid. If you call the Newt family a case of condiments, you may put Aunt Dagon down as the pepper and vinegar. She flanks the whole family, so to say. Her influence is evident in the career of my brother Boniface—in his wife, and in his son and daughter. Do you know Miss Fanny?"



ABEL AND HOPE.

Mr. Merlin did not know her. He had seen her at Saratoga.

"Well, there she is, talking with Mrs. Dinks. Do you observe them? How cool Fanny is! How furious and compressed Mrs. Dinks is! It is incredible what battles are fought upon these soft carpets! How many a man gets his quietus as he stands in kid gloves by the side of the woman he loves! And he has to smile—and they are both so polite! She may be very sorry under her lace. I know he is very wretched in his broadcloth. However, a man had better be refused in a quadrille than in a gig!"

They were all listening to him—and Hope Wayne and Amy Waring smiled, while Arthur Merlin laughed out,

"In a gig! Who was ever refused in a gig?" asked Arthur.

Lawrence Newt's eyes twinkled as he answered,

"A friend of mine. He invited Dulcinea to drive with him, meaning to cover his confusion in proposing by the necessary care of the horse. They drove deep into the country. The horse came down to a walk. 'Will you have me?' cried he, suddenly, and struck the animal with the whip. 'No,' said the lady—and the horse ran away. They were tumbled into a ditch, and his nose bled all over his shirt-bosom."

There was a burst of laughter.

"Well?" asked Arthur.

"Well, the lady was vexed and he was ashamed. By-and-by they made it up. They each married somebody else—have a dozen children apiece, and are the best friends in the world."

Lawrence Newt looked casually at Amy Waring as he told this little incident. Amy was very busy looking at Mrs. Van Kraut and Abel, who were approaching—but she could not help thinking of little Ellen Bennet's Lord Ronald and Lady Mildred—and first loves—and bachelors—and other things—until, knowing perfectly well who was looking at her, her cheeks were like damask roses, as Gabriel and Ellen had declared.

The music of the dance floated through the room.

"Yes, every ball-room is a battle-field, and the soldiers are what they have been educated to be."

"Character?" said Amy Waring.

"Yes, Miss Amy, character counts, I know; and yet a sweet, simple girl may be twisted into an artificial shape by incessant tugging. Look at my Aunt Dagon—then at my brother and sister Boniface—then at Miss Fanny. There you have cause and effect. Fanny is very pretty, intelligent, accomplished, and oh! so knowing! Would you like to marry her, Master Arthur Merlin?"

"No," said Arthur, with great gravity and readiness, and looking at Hope Wayne.

That young lady was listening very closely to every word Lawrence Newt said. She was also thinking. Aunt Dagon and Mr. and Mrs. Boniface had trained Fanny, had they, and this was the result! Was not Abel their son? Had he not had the same influences? To be sure he had been for a long time at school. Was, then, the practical philosophy of Savory Gray, Esq., or the practical morality of the Rev. Amos Peewee, D.D., of a much loftier strain than those of Fanny's Mentors?

"I do not say that my niece was the sweetest of girls, to begin with, Miss Amy," continued Lawrence Newt. "You see the whole thing acts and reacts. People make society; society, in turn, makes them. I merely propose the question: Here comes little Lucy Slumb, who has been brocaded and diamonded and cashmere-shawled into Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut—tell me, now, how many of the girls you know would not have hesitated a little before saying 'No' to Mr. Van Kraut?"

"Hundreds," answered Amy Waring, with energy.

"For instance—" said Lawrence Newt.

"Hope Wayne," replied Amy, briskly, turning with a bright smile to her friend.

"And Amy Waring," said Hope, in a lower voice, smiling gently.

Lawrence Newt smiled too.

"I know it," said he, "and I think I can say the same of little May Newt, Fanny's sister, and Ellen Bennet. They are both girls that will not be spoiled. Don't think me a heretic, or infidel. *Lucus a non.* This crowd of people is called the World, because it represents a very small part of it, and a very foolish part, but a very influential one. Half of the smiling faces here cover weary hearts, and hearts weary with the strain of keeping right with this 'world.'"

He smiled—as if he remembered himself. Hope Wayne looked as if she wanted to hear more; so did Amy Waring. Mr. Arthur Merlin had been very intently watching Hope Wayne, because he saw Abel Newt approaching, and he wished to catch the first look of Hope upon seeing him.

The music streamed through the rooms in the soft, yearning, lingering, passionate, persuasive measure of a waltz. The dance was new, and rarely seen in the ball-room. It was a distinction then to waltz at all in New York, as it is a distinction now to waltz like a New Yorker.

While our friends stood listening and quietly looking on, a space was cleared upon the floor as if for waltzing, and after a little delay and prelusive hush and hum Abel Newt, circling the polished billiard-ball, twirled it across the floor.

Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut, when she waltzed, was simply a circular advertisement of the Van Kraut property. Her slow rising and falling motion displayed the family jewels to the utmost advantage. The same insolent smoothness and finish prevailed in the whole performance. It was almost as perfect as the Paris toys which you wind up, and which spin smoothly round upon the table. Abel Newt, conscious master of the dance and chief of brilliant youth, waltzed with an air of delicate deference toward his partner and gay defiance toward the rest of the world.

The performance was so novel and so well executed that the ball instantly became a spectacle of which Abel and Mrs. Van Kraut were the central figures. The crowd pressed around them, and Abel gently pressed them back in his fluctuating circles. Short ladies in the background stood upon chairs for a moment to get a better view; while Mrs. Dagon and Mrs. Orry, whom no dexterous waltzer would ever clasp in the dizzy whirl, amused their neighbors with contemptuous and indignant criticisms, thanking Heaven that in their day things had not quite come to such a pass as that. Colonel Burr himself, my dears, never dared to touch more than the tips of his partner's fingers in the contra-dance.

Hope Wayne had not met Abel Newt since they had parted after the runaway at Delafield, except in the casual moment when she was stepping from the carriage. In the mean while she had been learning every thing at once.

As her eyes fell upon him now, she remembered that day upon the lawn at Pinewood, when he stood suddenly beside her, casting a shadow upon the page she was reading. The handsome boy had developed into the proud, gallant, gay young man, surrounded by that social prestige which gives graceful confidence to the bearing of any man. He knew that Hope had heard of his social success; but he could not justly estimate its effect upon her.

Of all those who stood by her, Arthur Merlin was the only one who knew that she had ever known Abel, and Arthur only inferred it from Abel's resemblance to the sketch of Manfred, which had evidently deeply affected Hope. Lawrence Newt, who knew Delafield, had wondered if Abel and Hope had ever met. Perhaps he had a little fear of their meeting, knowing Abel to be audacious and brilliant, and Hope to be romantic. Perhaps the anxiety with which he now looked upon the waltz arose from the apprehension that Hope could not help, at least, fancying such a handsome fellow. And then—what?

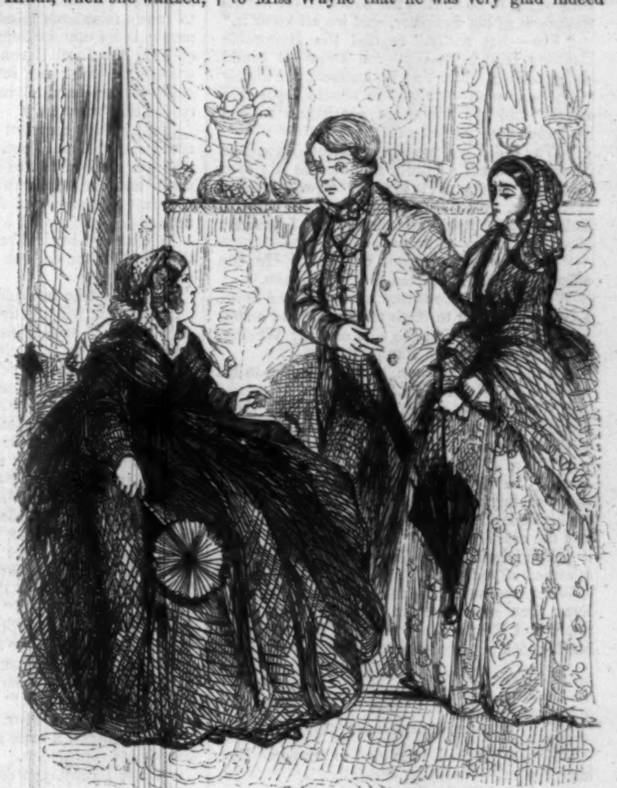
Amy Waring did not know. She and Hope were friends, indeed—but they were women, not tattling girls. Their friendship did not begin by each emptying all her experience into the sympathetic heart of the other. Mr. Abel Newt's acquaintance was a very brief episode in Miss Hope Wayne's life. She had nothing to say about him—why therefore should she speak of him? She had nothing to say about him to her intimate friend Amy—no, not though she had so much to think about him, that he was very constantly in her mind.

So Lawrence Newt and Arthur Merlin were furtively glancing at her as the young hero of the dance, in his widening circles, came nearer to them.

Hope heard the music, and her heart beat time. As she saw Abel and remembered the days that were no more, for a moment her cheek flushed—not tumultuously, but gently—and Lawrence Newt and the painter remarked it. The flush passed, almost imperceptibly, and her eyes followed the dancers calmly, with only a little ache in the heart—with only a vague feeling that she had lived a long, long time.

Abel Newt had not lost Hope Wayne from his attention for a single moment during the evening; and before the interest in the dance was palled, before people had begun to buzz again and turn away, while Mrs. Van Kraut and he were still the spectacle upon which all eyes were directed, he suddenly whirled his partner toward the spot where Hope Wayne and her friends were standing, and stopped.

It was no more necessary for Mrs. Van Kraut to fan herself than if she had been a marble statue. But it is proper to fan one's self when one has done dancing—so out came the fan. Besides, it was a Van Kraut heir-loom. It came from Amsterdam. It was studded with jewels. It was part of the property.



MRS. DINKS. *MERE ET FILLE.*

As for Abel, he turned and bowed profoundly to Miss Wayne. Of course she knew that people were looking. She bowed as if to a mere acquaintance. Abel said a few words, signifying nothing, to his partner, then he remarked to Miss Wayne that he was very glad indeed to meet her again; that he had not called because he knew she had been making a convent of her aunt's house—making herself a nun—a Sister of Charity, he did not doubt, doing good as she always did—making every body in the world happy, as she could not help doing—and so forth.

For Abel rattled on, he did not know why; but he did know that his Uncle Lawrence and Amy Waring and Mr. Merlin heard every thing he said. Hope looked at him calmly and listened to the gay cascade of talk.

The music was still playing; Mr. Van Boozenberg spoke to Lawrence Newt; Amy Waring said that she saw her Aunt Bennet. Would Mr. Merlin take her to her aunt?—he should return to his worship in one moment. Mr. Merlin was very gallant, and replied with spirit that when her worship returned—here he made a low bow—his would. As they moved away Amy Waring laughed at him and said that men would compliment as long as—as women are lovely, interpolated Mr. Merlin. Arthur also wished to know what speech was good for, if not to say the sweetest things—and so they were lost to view, still gayly chatting with the pleasant freedom of a young man and woman who know that they are not in love with each other, and are perfectly content to be so, because—whether they know it or not—they are each in love with somebody else.

This movement had taken place as Abel was finishing his scattering volley of talk.

"Yes," said he, as he saw that he was not overheard, and sinking his voice into that tone of tender music which Hope so well remembered, "yes, making every body in the world happy but one person."

His airy persiflage had not pleased Hope Wayne. The sudden modulation into sentiment offended her. Before she replied—indeed she had no intention of replying—the round eyes of Mrs. Van Kraut informed her partner that she was ready for another turn, and forth they whirled upon the floor.

"I jes sez to ma, you know, ma, sez I, I don't like to see a young man like Mr. Abel Newt, sez I, wasting himself upon married women. No, sez I, ma, when you women have made your market, you oughter stan' one side and give the t'others a chance, sez I."

Mr. Van Boozenberg addressed this remark to Lawrence Newt, the incident with his ma having occurred at the other side of the room when he saw Abel devoting himself to Mrs. Van Kraut, and heard that he was fond of married society. In the eyes of the old gentleman it was another instance of imprudence on Abel's part not to be securing some rich girl.

Lawrence Newt replied by looking round the rooms as if searching for some one, and then saying:

"I don't see your daughter, Mrs. Witchet, here to-night, Mr. Van Boozenberg."

"No," growled the papa, and moved on to talk with Mrs. Dagon.

"My dear Sir," said the Honorable Budlong Dinks, approaching just as Lawrence Newt finished his remark, and Van Boozenberg, growling, departed:

"That was an unfortunate observation. You are, perhaps, not aware—"

"Oh! thank you, yes, I am fully aware," replied Lawrence Newt. "But one thing I do not know."

The Honorable Budlong Dinks bowed with dignity as if he understood Mr. Newt to compliment him by insinuating that he was the man who knew all about it, and would immediately enlighten him.

"I should like to know, if a man does a mean and unfeeling, yes, an inhuman act, why it is bad manners to speak of it. Old Van Boozenberg ought to be sent to the penitentiary for his treatment of his daughter, and we all know it."

"Yes—but really," replied the Honorable Budlong Dinks, "really—you know—it would be impossible. Mr. Van Boozenberg is a highly respectable man—really—we should lapse into chaos," and the honorable gentleman rubbed his hands with perfect suavity.

"When did we emerge?" asked Lawrence Newt, with such a kindly glimmer in his eyes that Mr. Dinks said merely, "really"—and moved on, remarking to General Arcularius Belch, with a diplomatic shrug, that Lawrence Newt was a very odd man.

"Odd, but not without the coin. He can afford to be odd," replied that gentleman.

While these little things were said and done, Lawrence moved through the crowd and somehow found himself at the side of Amy Waring, who was talking with Fanny Newt.

"You young Napoleon," said Lawrence to his niece as he joined them.

"What do you mean, you droll Uncle Lawrence?" demanded Fanny, her eyes glittering with inquiry.

"Where's Mrs. Wurmser—I mean Mrs. Dinks?" continued Lawrence. "Why, when I saw you talking together a little while ago, I could think of nothing but the young Bonaparte and the old Wurmser."

"You droll Uncle Lawrence, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

What an astute young Napoleon it was! Even then and there, in Mrs. Brickle's ballroom, had Fanny Newt resolved how to carry her Mantua by a sudden coup.

CHAPTER XLV.

HEAVEN'S LAST BEST GIFT.

"My dear Alfred, I am glad to see you. You may kiss me—carefully, carefully!"

Mr. Alfred Dinks therewith kissed lips upon his return from Boston.

"Sit down, Alfred my dear, I wish to speak to you," said Fanny Newt, with even more than her usual decision. The eyes were uncommonly round and black. Alfred seated himself with vague trepidation.

"My dear, we must be married immediately," remarked Fanny, quietly.

The eyes of the lover shone with pleasure.

"Dear Fanny!" said he, "have you told mother?"

"No," answered she, calmly.

"Well, but, then, you know," rejoined Alfred, in alarm. He would have said more, but he was afraid. He wanted to inquire whether Fanny thought that her father would supply the sinews of matrimony. Alfred's theory was that he undoubtedly would. It did not occur to the young man that a young woman of Fanny's calmness, intrepidity, and profound knowledge of the world would propose immediate matrimony without seeing how the commissariat was to be supplied. She has all her plans laid, of course, thought he—she is so talented and cool that 'tis all right I dare say. Of course she knows that I have nothing, and hope for nothing except from old Burt, and he's not sure for me, at all. But Boniface Newt is rich enough. And Alfred bethought himself of the style in which that worthy commission merchant lived, and especially of his son Abel's expense and splendor.

"Alfred, dear—just try not to be trying, you know, but think what you are about. Your mother has found out that something has gone wrong—that you are not engaged to Hope Wayne."

"Yes—yes, I know," burst in Alfred, "she treated me like a porcupine this morning—or ant-eater, which is it, Fanny—the thing with quills, you know?"

Miss Fanny Newt patted the floor with her foot. Alfred continued:

"Yes, and Hope sent down, and she wanted to see me alone some time to-day."

Fanny's foot stopped.

"Alfred, dear," said she, "you are a good fellow, but you are too amiable. You must do just as I want you to, dearest, or something awful will happen."

"Pooh! Fanny; nothing shall happen. I love you like any thing."

Smack! smack!

"Well then, listen, Alfred! Your mother doesn't like me. She would do any thing to prevent your marrying me. The reasons I will tell you at another time. If you go home and talk with her and Hope Wayne, you can not help betraying that you are engaged to me; and—you know your mother, Alfred—she would openly oppose the marriage, and I don't know what she might not say to my father."

Fanny spoke clearly and rapidly, but calmly. Alfred looked utterly bewildered.

"It's a great pity, isn't it?" said he, feebly. "What do you think we had better do?"

Miss Fanny Newt was passionless and socially ambitious. The only career cognate to her tastes—the only one for which she had been educated—was what is called the social career. She was conscious that her own sagacity needed only the alliance of money to secure success. But how make the money? Had she been a man she might have had plenty of other ambitions not requiring money. She might have given herself to any department of trade, to any profession, to political life; and in the pursuit of those callings she might have amassed the means she wished.

But she very distinctly did not wish to remain unmarried with an uncertain future; she had no call to be a Sister of Charity; nor to wrap her talent in the napkin of noiseless philanthropy; nor to await the chance of the coming of a man she could love, with money enough to make marriage possible. Money is an odious word to many fastidious minds; to which, however, money is an omnipresent thought, and the key of life. So Lord Byron could not bear to see women eat—oh! no, indeed; women are angels!—Dear Lord Byron, how profoundly he respected women!

Fanny Newt saw but one way in which she could secure her object. By marrying a man who was really attached to her, whom she could easily manage, and who was—or who would be—rich. She supposed Alfred Dinks to be that man.

When she heard Alfred irresolutely ask what they had better do, she replied, very promptly and quietly,

"We must be married, Alfred dear!"

"Yes—but when, Fanny?"

"To-day," said Fanny, firmly, and putting out her hand to her beloved.

He seized it mechanically.

"To-day, Fanny?" asked he, after a pause of amazement.

"Certainly, dear; to-day. I am as ready now as I shall be a year hence."

"But what will my mother say?" inquired Alfred, in alarm.

"It will be too late for her to say any thing. Don't you see, Alfred dear!" continued Fanny, in a most assuring tone, "that if we go to your mother and say, 'Here we are, married!' she has sense enough to perceive that nothing can be done; and after a little while all will be smooth again?"

Her lover was comforted by this view. He was even pleased by the audacity of the project.

"I swear, Fanny," said he, at length, in a more cheerful and composed voice, "I think it's rather a good idea!"

"Of course it is, dear. Are you ready?"

Alfred gasped a little at the prompt question, despite his confidence.

"Why, Fanny, you don't mean actually now—this very day? Gracious!"

"Why not now? Since we think best to be married immediately and in private, why should we arrange it for to-night, or next week, when we are both as ready now as we can be then?" asked Fanny, quietly; "especially as something may happen to make it impossible then."

Alfred Dinks shut his eyes.

"What will your father say?" he inquired, at length, without raising his eyelids.

"Do you not see he will have to make up his mind to it, just as your mother will," replied Fanny.

"And my father!" said Alfred, in a state of temporary blindness continued.

"Yes, and your father too," answered Fanny, both she and Alfred treating the Honorable Budlong Dinks as a mere tender to that woman-of-war his wife, in a way that would have been incredible to a statesman who considered his wife a pretty trifle or mere domestic luxury.

There was a silence of several minutes. Then Mr. Dinks opened his eyes and said,

"Well, Fanny dear!"

"Well, Alfred dear!" and Fanny leaned toward him, with her head poised like that of a black snake. Alfred was fascinated. Perhaps he was sorry he was so; perhaps he wanted to struggle. But he did not. He was under the spell.

There was still a lingering silence. Fanny waited patiently. At length she asked again, putting her hand in her lover's,

"Are you ready?"

"Yes!" said Alfred, in a crisp, resolute tone.

Fanny raised her hand and rang the bell. The waiter appeared.

"John, I want a carriage from Jobber's immediately."

"Yes, Miss."

"And, John, tell Mary to bring me my things. I am going out."

"Yes, Miss." And hearing nothing farther, John disappeared.

It was perhaps a judicious instinct which taught Fanny not to leave Alfred alone by going up to array herself in her own chamber. The intervals of delay between the coming of the maid and the coming of the carriage the young woman employed in conversing dexterously about Boston, and the friends her lover had seen there, and in describing to him the great Brickles ball.

Presently she was bonneted and cloaked, and the carriage was at the door.

Her home had not been a Paradise to Fanny Newt—nor were Aunt Dagon, Papa and Mamma Newt, and Brother Abel altogether angels. She had no superfluous emotions of any kind at any time; but as she passed through the hall she saw her sister May—the youngest child—a girl of fifteen—Uncle Lawrence's favorite—standing upon the stairs.

She said nothing; the hall was quite dim, and as the girl stood in the half light her childlike, delicate beauty seemed to Fanny more striking than ever. If Uncle Lawrence had seen her at the moment he would have thought of Jacob's ladder and the angels ascending and descending.

"Good-by, May!" said Fanny, going up to her sister, taking her face between her hands and kissing her lips.

The sisters looked at each other, each inexplicably conscious that it was not an ordinary farewell.

"Good-by, darling!" said Fanny, kissing her again, and still holding her young, lovely face.

Touched and surprised by the unwonted tenderness of her sister's manner, May threw her arms around her neck and burst into tears.

"Oh! Fanny."

Fanny did not disengage the arms that clung about her, nor raise the young head that rested upon her shoulder. Perhaps she felt that somehow it was a benediction.

May raised her head at length, kissed Fanny gently upon the lips, smoothed her black hair for a moment with her delicate hand, half smiled through her tears as she thought that she should hereafter have such a pleasant intercourse with her sister, and then pushed her softly away, saying,

"Mr. Dinks is waiting for you, Fanny."

Fanny said nothing, but drew her vail over her face, and Mr. Dinks handed her into the carriage.

Mrs. Dinks and Hope Wayne sat together in their lodgings, waiting impatiently for Alfred's return. They were both working busily, and said little to each other. Mrs. Dinks had resolved to return home at the earliest possible moment. She waited only to have a clear explanation with her son. Hope Wayne was also waiting for an explanation. She was painfully curious to know why Alfred Dinks had told his mother that they were engaged. Hope Wayne had never thought that she was probably an heiress. As her Aunt Dinks looked at her, and saw how noble and lofty her beauty was, yet how simple and candid, she was more than ever angry with her, because she felt that it was impossible she should ever have loved Alfred.

They heard a carriage in the street. It stopped at the door. In a moment the sound of a footstep was audible.

"My dear, I wish to speak to Alfred alone. I hear his step," said Mrs. Dinks.

"Yes, aunt," answered Hope Wayne, rising, and taking her little basket she moved toward the door. Just as she reached it, it opened, and Alfred Dinks and Fanny Newt entered. Hope bowed, and was passing on.

"Stop, Hope!" whispered Alfred, excitedly.

She turned at the door and looked on, while Alfred, with uncertain bravado, advanced with Fanny to his mother, who was gazing at them in amazement, and said, in a thick, hurried voice,

"Mother, this is your daughter Fanny—my wife—Mrs. Alfred Dinks."

As she heard these words Hope Wayne went out, closing the door behind her, leaving the mother alone with her children.

Mrs. Dinks sat speechless in her chair for a few moments, staring at Alfred, who looked as if his legs would not long support him, and at Fanny, who stood calmly beside him. At length she said to Alfred,

"Is that woman really your wife?"

"Yes, 'm," replied the new husband.

"What are you going to support her with?"

"I have my allowance," said Alfred, in a very small voice.

"Mrs. Alfred Dinks, your husband's allowance is six hundred dollars a year from his father. I wish you joy."

There was a sarcastic sparkle in her eyes. Mrs. Dinks had long felt that she and Fanny were contesting a prize. At this moment, while she knew that she had not won, she was sure that Fanny had lost. Rachel was comforted.

Fanny was prepared for such a reception. She did not shrink. She remembered the great Burt fortune. But before she could speak Mrs. Dinks rose, and, with an air of contemptuous defiance, inquired,

"Where are you living, Mrs. Dinks?"

Mr. Alfred looked at his wife in profound perplexity. He thought, for his part, that he was living in that very house. But his wife answered, quietly,

"We are at Bunker's, where we shall be delighted to see you. Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks."

And Fanny took her husband by the arm and went out, having entirely confounded her mother-in-law, who meant to have wished her children good-morning, and then have left them to their embarrassment. But Fanny was occasionally too quick for Mrs. Dinks.

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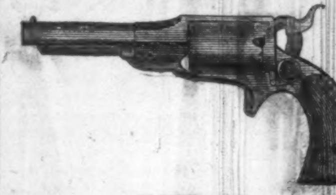

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